

Week ending January 20 1945

THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

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Restorative Treatment

*for the Impaired
Digestion*

THESE are busy days for most men and women. With long working hours, voluntary service, shopping queues . . . there is little time for the preparation of regular meals. The result is that makeshift meals and snacks impose undue strain on the digestion.

Should the digestion be impaired in this way, it is important to give it relief from abnormal strain, and this can best be accomplished by avoiding rushed meals, taking instead a cup of 'Ovaltine.'

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This is one of the important reasons why 'Ovaltine' is supplied to Military and Civil Hospitals, where it is considered a valuable stand-by in cases of difficult feeding. It is also widely used in Industrial and Service Canteens.

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FOOD FACTS

5 different cakes from one simple recipe!

2½ oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 2 dried eggs (dry); 4 tablesp. water; 2 level tablesp. household milk (dry); ½ lb. flour; 4 level tablesp. baking powder; water to mix (just under half a pint); flavouring. Cream fat and sugar, adding dried eggs, dry. Beat in water gradually. Sieve milk, flour, and baking powder together and add to creamed mixture. Mix to a soft dropping consistency with the water, and put into a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1—1½ hours.

THE advantage of a basic cake recipe like this is that once you've got the knack of making it, you can use the same recipe for almost any kind of cake merely by varying the recipe slightly.

You can make little cakes and tart fillings, a jam sandwich, a fruit cake or a chocolate cake—all from this one recipe.

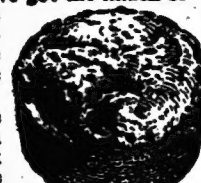
Notice that you add the dried eggs dry to the creamed fat and sugar. And you add the household milk dry to the other dry ingredients. This is far easier than reconstituting both the eggs and milk before you begin. It's easier even than using shell eggs—and every bit as good!

With this recipe it's very little trouble to make a delicious cake for tea. And your family will certainly think it a first-rate idea!

PS. Why not cut out this basic recipe and keep it?

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.
ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 235

Variations
FRUIT CAKE. Add 2 level tablesp. mixed spice to the dry ingredients before they are sieved, and add 2 to 4 oz. dried fruit to the creamed mixture with the dry ingredients. Baking time as recipe.



Fruit Cake



Chocolate Cakes



Marmalade Sandwich

CHOCOLATE CAKES. Add 1 level tablesp. syrup to the creamed mixture and 3 level tablesp. cocoa to dry ingredients. This mixture needs less water—about a quarter-pint. (Makes about 18 small cakes.) Bake in patty pans about 15-20 mins.

MARMALADE SANDWICH. Add 2 level tablesp. marmalade and half teasp. almond essence to creamed mixture. Bake in sandwich tins in moderate oven for 25 to 30 mins. Spread with marmalade when cold.

GINGER CAKE. (Not illustrated.) Add 3 level tablesp. ginger and 1 level teasp. bicarbonate of soda to the dry ingredients, and 1 level tablesp. syrup to creamed mixture. Pour into flat tin and bake 15-20 mins. in a hot oven.

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now the game mirror with MIRRO!



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best
value
SALT



Where's my
BOURNVILLE
COCOA?

Cadbury quality—and no points

Without Fear or Favour BIG THREE— WHAT NEXT?

THIS TIME IT SHOULD not be just another meeting of Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt.

Essential as such conferences are, ordinary men and women know how their high promise can be submerged by the swift rush of unforeseen events.

Do you remember the promise of Teheran? "We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of the operations which will be undertaken from the East, West, and South."

Those operations duly began. The Big Three said, too: "With our diplomatic advisers we have surveyed the problems of the future."

Yet the future brought problems they had not discussed.

They were unprepared for the political crisis in Italy. For the tragedy of Greece. For the turmoil in Belgium. For changes in Rumania and Bulgaria. For the recovery of Germany's production and the strengthening of her will to resist.

No, HISTORY in the making is not an obedient lapdog. It is a wild creature whose tail apt to give statesmen many a slap in the face.

So the Big Three's plans must be made flexible, capable of adjustments to deal with sudden developments.

Infrequent meetings of the Prime Minister, the Marshal and the President are not enough. Mr. Eden has expressed one undeniable need: "At regular intervals the Foreign Secretaries should also meet, so that we might iron out some of the problems and prevent some of the difficulties from arising."

Certainly. But even that will not be enough. There must be permanent machinery for a constant session to make any rapid changes that circumstances demand. The Big Three should agree to it, the Foreign Ministers should at once establish it.

We must plan our political strategy as we prepare our operations in the field. Never again must the United Nations be taken unawares by the war's changing moods.

The Editor

THE BELLILOSE GENERAL

W. Front Outlook. King Peter's Blow. The Great Housing Mess. A Seaman's Champion. Will Common Wealth Survive? Brains Trust Creaking. Lord Hankey Reports. Strange Rogues' Gallery

PARLIAMENT HAS reassembled, after one of its most acute anxieties was cleared up at the last minute.

At midnight on Monday a Cease Fire sounded between the British and Elam forces in Greece, thus ending five weeks of deplorable warfare.

The armistice does not solve the Greek problem, which remains one of the most grievous in Europe. It merely creates a position where a solution can be found, given good will.

One thing is essential: there must be no head-hunting now the fighting is over. Parliament must watch that.

Bitter General

Recent speeches by General Plastiras have been bellicose and bitter. It was their arrogant tone as much as anything else which prompted Labour Party leaders, under Arthur Greenwood, to ask Mr. Churchill to receive a deputation on the whole subject.

The Armistice made the deputation unnecessary. The Cease Fire has removed the first and greatest anxiety.

It does not alter the underlying facts, and developments in Greece under Plastiras will be watched anxiously.

Licking His Wounds

THE PRESENT SESSION has opened with a vastly improved position on the Western Front, where Von Rundstedt is virtually back where he started, licking his wounds.

The Germans are fighting extremely well, but it is significant that the Allies have taken prisoner a number of men who were working in factories last autumn.

This shows vividly how desperately Germany is straining to use her last scrap of manpower.

Despite the greatly improved situation, the official view is reflected in President Roosevelt's recent directive to Washington executives.

He told them to stop optimistic speculation about the war being finished quickly. The British view is similar; Von Rundstedt's offensive was no last kick.

Strong for Defence

The great underlying problem is: What has Germany sacrificed in war production in order to step up her military machine?

She must have sacrificed output to get these new reserves. At the same time, despite Allied bombing, she can still fight a defensive war.

Much of Germany's production, it must be remembered, is underground, away from the crack of the block-busters.

The Nazis cannot afford the luxury of a military offensive for long. They can afford to defend. That is the official view.

King Peter's Folly

BACK IN THE TANGLED world of diplomacy there is a crisis in Yugoslavian affairs following young King Peter's refusal to endorse the agreement between Prime Minister Subasic and Marshal Tito.

He objects to the form of Regency it proposes.

And he made his objections against British advice.

This attitude is not likely to help the peasants of Yugoslavia, short of food, bare of transport facilities.

But its importance should not be over-emphasised. I suggest that instead of worrying about King Peter it



The pre-war pomp of the Royal drive to Parliament—and Parliament itself—arose from an affair back in 1265

would be much better in the long run if the Foreign Office put pressure on the Ministry of War Transport to secure the return to the Yugoslavs of their ships which are under charter to us.

This would give them the tonnage to import food.

Parliament's Birthday

IN THIS SESSION Parliament celebrates its 680th birthday. It is a rare old age.

It was back in 1265 that the energetic Simon de Montfort summoned two citizens from every borough and two knights from every shire to a meeting. In addition, he invited 120 churchmen and twenty-three barons.

Thus was born a democratic institution which, with all its faults, has made a magnificent contribution to civilisation.

Nobody knows what happened at the first Parliament, except that a couple of lords disagreed. History seems to repeat itself.

Do They Want Flags?

THE FIRST LEAVE MEN from the Western Front have gone back. Their comrades on the leave boat from the Far East are still here, be-

wildered at first by the lack of official welcome after their long absence. An inquiry is quite rightly going on.

I suggest that all these men would prefer fewer flags and less bunting.

Above all, they want to get home as quickly as possible.

They want nothing that will hold them up.

It is good that private motorists are now being allowed to help them on their journeys.

Muddle About Housing

MY REMARKS LAST WEEK about the great housing muddle have started a lot of discussion. I can now amplify some points.

There are 130,000 men working on bomb damage repairs in London alone. All qualified judges agree that organisation has been the trouble. The difficulty is managerial—to get the available labour and material at the right places at the right time.

The 3,000 Americans, I believe, are now busy erecting temporary houses.

This side of the problem is in an equal mess. Well under 1,000 temporary houses of all types have so far been erected.

The target, of course, is 250,000.

Ready by March?

That clack is the most critical point of all. The building of temporary houses must be speeded up, and the building of permanent ones must be planned for the immediate future.

The Government view, I believe, is that the work can be done almost wholly by unskilled labour. This is not the trade view. Some services, like plumbing, can only be done by experienced men.

If, at the end of March, the 130,000 men have finished their job, they should be put on to permanent building, and planning must be accelerated so that permanent housing can go ahead.

At the rate things are going, it is a big "H."

Waiting for Orders

As far as the pre-fabricated temporary houses are concerned, all experts agree that the output could be much greater than it is.

The Phoenix people, I understand, believe that there are at least 50 firms all capable of producing twenty-five houses or more each a week.

Construction is so simple that the manufacture could be decentralised, after the fashion of the aircraft industry, which gets its small parts from minor plants all over the country.

When the Ministry of Works gives the word to go ahead, 2,000 Phoenix houses alone can be made at once.

Cart Before the Horse

THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION which has been considering the reshuffle of Parliamentary seats has issued its findings, and issued them promptly.

Many new constituencies are being created. So far, so good. They will remove some of the glaring inequalities. But I want to raise one point: hasn't the Government put the cart

J B insurance

"THE MONEY WAS A VERITABLE GODSEND,"

writes a reader of Chadwell Heath, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS, in addition to PERSONAL WAR RISK INSURANCE underwritten at Lloyd's.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

before the horse, or, more accurately, the Commission before the Census?

All the changes are based on the pre-war electoral register.

By the time a new one is made it will be found that the population has shifted enormously—and changes will be needed all over again.

Seamen's Charter

DURING A WEEK in which the Government announced that the submarine menace had flared up again, delegates representing merchant seamen from all over the world met in London.

They agreed to press for a Seamen's Charter, to be adopted by all nations.

This Charter will protect the men of the post-war merchant navies, who are some of the bravest and worst cared-for men in the world.

Their peacetime pay was bad. Their terms of employment were bad. Their living conditions are often shocking.

We Britons love the sea. Most of us know nothing about it. Too many people form their opinions from middle-class cruises or extravagant films about luxury liners. There is no glamour on the real oceans.

A week in a fo'castle head is a revelation.

He's a Fighter

Who is the man who has done most for the men of the Red Duster? I suggest it is Charles Jarman, head of the Seamen's Union.

He is now leading the fight against "coffin ships."

Jarman has a great tradition behind him. The first head of the Seamen's Union was a great man, now a forgotten man, Samuel Plimsoll.

Plimsoll fought like a dervish for decent conditions at sea. The Liverpool owners hated him.

His name was given to his greatest reform, the Plimsoll Line, which stopped owners from overloading vessels.

Plimsoll, who died in 1898, would have been well pleased with the events of the last week or two.

Sir Cecil Resigns

TODAY, on page 6, JOHN BULL publishes an Open Letter to Sir Cecil Hurst, who has resigned from the International War Crimes Commission.

Many people have jumped to the conclusion that Sir Cecil has resigned owing to difficulties with the Foreign Office. It has been said that officialdom is not anxious to name the war criminals.

The subject is intensely difficult, an appeaser can so easily be a "decent fellow" who merely took the line of least resistance.

I have reason to believe that the resignation is due to something much more fundamental. I believe Sir Cecil resigned partly because he was dissatisfied with the terms of reference of the whole Commission, which has to refer everything back to Washington, from whence he found constructive answers difficult to obtain.

Recruit for Labour

NOW THAT R. W. G. Mackey has left the Common Wealth it looks as though the party is as near its end as are the National Liberals. Mackey himself is a bright fellow, who will no doubt be welcomed by the Labour Party.

There may have been some good bees in the Common Wealth bonnet, but the Left wants unity more than anything else. We cannot afford the weakness of minority movements. I suggest its end will be a good thing.

Again writing personally, I enjoyed

one thing about Common Wealth—its name. It always infuriated the Blimps, who said it was a cheap trick to ensnare votes by imitating the dignity of the word "commonwealth," with all the Empire "ag-waving" that the word implies.

This came quaintly from the gentry who use the Union Jack for their election symbol.

Mr. Rank's Latest

JAMES ARTHUR RANK, the movie magnate, is in the news again. He nearly always is.

Rank has just bought the Regal Cinema at the Marble Arch, and now owns all the non-American cinemas in London's West End.

Many months ago Rank and the Board of Trade exchanged views and agreed that he would not increase his circuit beyond negotiations then pending.

I understand that he has been after the Regal for two years.

In fairness to Rank, who is often criticised, I suggest that some of his ambitions are admirable.

Britain in Broadway?

Among his recent schemes I see that he wants to build a theatre for British films on Broadway in New York. This is admirable, providing he can fill it with first-class films.

He has also negotiated the purchase of a large piece of a leading Canadian circuit of theatres.

He is said to be interested in a big chain of French cinemas. I doubt if the French authorities will let him have them.

The American renters, meanwhile, are already back in Paris, reopening their offices.

New Brain for the Trust

HOW MANY PEOPLE made a point of listening to Bertrand Russell, who made two appearances for the B.B.C. last week, once in a rather slow-footed

Brains Trust, once speaking on the future of civilisation?

Russell is one of the great intellects of the modern world. He recently returned to the tranquillity of Cambridge after some years in the hurly-burly of American university life.

As a Brains Trustee, I thought, he was disappointing. He hesitates, speaks slowly, and has a slight slur. A friend described him as sounding like "Joad with a cold."

It was, anyway, a poor session. Question master Geoffrey Crowther makes the mistake of giving too long to each problem. McCullough picks the appropriate expert or two from the fold and gets on with it.

The feature is creaking these days, anyway.

Soup for Supper

SURPRISINGLY LITTLE attention has been paid to a recent article in the *Lancet*, in which the writer strongly criticised hospital food.

The subject is important. It affects most of us at some time or another.

Some voluntary hospitals provide excellent food, others are shockingly bad. In my experience they are usually worse when the catering is done by an outside authority, and not by the hospital.

A friend of mine, who was wounded on A.R.P. duty during the Blitz, and who spent eight weeks in hospital, tells me that he kept a record of the menus, in order to complain officially.

For eight weeks he had one of three things for supper—soup, rice, or mashed potatoes.

The Night Nurse Called

I had a worse experience myself. In 1942 I spent a week "resting" at a famous hospital after some unpleasant surgery.

This was the routine: wash and tea, 5.30. Bread and tea, 8.30. Dinner (horrible stew or uneatable fish) at 12. Cup of tea, 4.30. Supper, which consisted of bread and butter and a glass of milk, 6.30.

This in a private room. It was an



DEATH BY REQUEST?

Euthanasia means "easy death." Should doctors be empowered to grant it to incurable, pain-ridden invalids?

1. Unbearable and continuous agony is a prelude to certain and not far-distant death. As the law stands at present, a doctor can only grant the mercy of constant drugging, and this keeps the patient in a stupor so close to death that the two states are hardly distinguishable.

2. In an incurable case with continuous pain, death may be requested by the patient. It is only cruelty to prolong the agony.

3. Euthanasia should, of course, be permitted only with legal safeguards, in clearly defined cases, and after consultation with due authority. In these conditions there would be no risk of murder.

4. Relatives, knowing that death would bring what is called a "happy release," would be saved much wearing mental agony, which so often affects health.

5. Millions die in war. Why, when the death of a person would be a mercy, do we suddenly discover that "life is sacred"?

1. Pain can effectively be controlled. A stupor is not death, and if there is sudden need for communication with the person, a stupor can be ended.

2. The Christian tradition holds suicide to be sinful. A patient requesting death is committing suicide—and the doctor becomes an accomplice in the sin.

3. The right to end life might well be abused. It involves legal issues. In questions of inheritance, for example, the time of death may be a vital factor.

4. Where shall we call a halt if once the principle of euthanasia is accepted? The boundary line of permitted cases might slowly widen until it reached the Fascist state which kills anyone for whom it has no use.

5. Belief in the sacredness of human life is one of the principles on which all civilisation is founded. Weaken this belief and you damage the whole structure.

unforgettable week, topped by a 11 a.m. peep round the door from a nurse.

When I asked what she wanted said gravely: "I always look in this time. It's when they mostly you know."

I later received a bill for six guineas.

He Can Tell a Story

READERS OF JOHN BULL will be interested to know that we about to publish a new series of stories by J. MacLaren-Ross, who wrote "The Stuff to Give the Troops."

Starting next week he is presenting his "Rogue's Gallery," a vigorous assortment of the odd characters he has come across in his colourful life.

They include some really remarkable stories.

MacLaren-Ross has had a strange career. He sold vacuum cleaners during the depression, he became a B.B.C. writer, when Hitler marched into Poland he was in a queue at Labour Exchange, too broke to buy a paper.

He has been writing professionally only for four years; in that time he has attracted the admiration of most discerning critics, who speak of his "delight in odd people and situations."

I would add a personal note. MacLaren-Ross is one of those who write by hand. His writing is exquisite, the admiration of editors and printers.

MacLaren-Ross is writing about...

MacLaren-Ross knows what he is writing about.

MacLaren-Ross is writing about...

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LENIN, STALIN—AND OUR OWN FUTURE

Next Sunday, the 21st, will be the 21st anniversary of Lenin's death. The "Old Gangs" hated him and still fear his successor. Shall we follow the "Old Gangs" or cement our war time friendship with the Soviet Union?

by HAMILTON FYFE

WHEN LENIN DIED twenty-one years ago, a Prague newspaper, not at all in sympathy with Bolshevism, applied to him epithets "great, unique, terrible." It was a tribute of unwilling admiration wrung from an opponent. That was the note of almost all comments on the career and character of the dead man. Even among those who hated him he had done almost all were forced to admit that he had done it greatly. The admissions were grudging. Many of them were accompanied by a hopeful suggestion that the work he had begun would not last long. It was what the Old Gangs everywhere both hated and believed. They looked forward to the restoration of Tsardom. They longed for the creation of the Union of Socialist Republics, covering one-sixth of the world's surface. It was a menace to them. They could not feel comfortably secure in their Old Gangsterdom if it had been destroyed. Well, let us for a moment consider what would have happened if it had been. Germany would have helped in the process. Many would have re-established its stranglehold on Russia. We should have had to fight a war without the aid of the Red Army. Hitler would have had no Second Front to defend. He would have thrown all his armies against us. Could we have stood up against such appalling odds? No one can say. But this we can say with certainty. It was because Lenin laid well the foundations of the U.S.S.R. that we are not put to that test. He did not have to struggle for leadership. It seemed to fall to him naturally. He was a leader, not of the pushing, thrusting, noisy type, but one whose very presence in a room made intellect and ability felt. This was illustrated once when he went at the request of his friend Gorki, the novelist, to see an inventor for making anti-aircraft fire more accurate. He just slipped in without being announced and stood at the back of "seven gloomy men, grey-haired old scientists" (so Gorki described them), who were to pass judgment on the apparatus. Lenin knew nothing about its technical details, but after he had listened to the inventor a little while he began to ask questions about it. All did their best to reply. He was given the floor in the discussion, though they still did not know who he was, and when he slipped out again they wanted to know who the stranger was who had seemed so perfectly to grasp the essentials of the problem.

A Socialist Patriot

Another side of Lenin's nature was shown when he said to Gorki after this incident that the inventor must be given every opportunity to go ahead and do more work of the kind. "He shall be bothered with nothing else," he said, and added: "If only we had the means to give men the ideal conditions for their work, Russia would in twenty years be the leading country in the world." Though Socialism and patriotism are not supposed to go together, Lenin managed to combine his belief in the brotherhood of all men with a passionate attachment to his country, to its mountains and lakes and forests and rivers, to its people, to its writers—among whom he placed himself far ahead of the rest, because "he had the mind of a peasant, he spoke with the voice of a peasant." That was characteristic. Lenin had an immense affection for peasants. They had an equal attachment to him—those of them who had heard what he did and read his writings. He was positively embarrassed by the gifts of food they sent from all over Russia in the hungry winter of 1919. Flour, butter, sugar, poured in on him, whatever the different regions produced, even

caviare and smoked sturgeon from Astrakhan. Almost all of it he distributed to hospital patients or comrades he knew to be in distress.

"I can't refuse to accept their gifts," he said, "it would offend them. But they make me feel as if I were their landlord!" That was a reference to the custom in Tsarist days of villagers taking forced presents to their "owners."

To his sympathy with the peasants must be attributed the severity he encouraged towards the "kulaks," literally "fists," the richer among them who preyed on the rest. In most villages or groups of hamlets were one or more of these pests, which flourish just as hatefully in India at present. They had shops where the poor were obliged to buy at their exorbitant prices. They lent money and got their unfortunate creditors completely into their power. They bribed the police to work in with them.

Was He Cruel?

Lenin was accused of being cruel. The charge was false. Cruelty is taking pleasure in the infliction of pain. Lenin could never do that. He disliked having to be harsh, but he felt that in the midst of "such an unusually fierce battle" as Russia was waging, "blockaded by Europe and deprived of the support we expected from the European proletariat," there was no place for "soft-heartedness or generosity."

If you are in a fight, he would say, you must hit as hard as you can. But to individual opponents he could be generous, if their cases were presented to him in a true light.

He heard of a woman who begged in kitchens for bones to feed her dogs with—dogs which had saved her from suicide by pulling her back when she was on the point of drowning herself in the Neva. She was a princess. "Yes," he murmured thoughtfully, "the aristocrats are having a hard time. History is an unkind stepmother." He did not gloat over their sufferings. He saw them as a necessary part of a vast design, into which he had to fit himself as well.

Of course, he made mistakes. He tried to do away with money. He tried to alter the whole economic system by one blow. His real greatness was shown by his recognition of these and other errors.

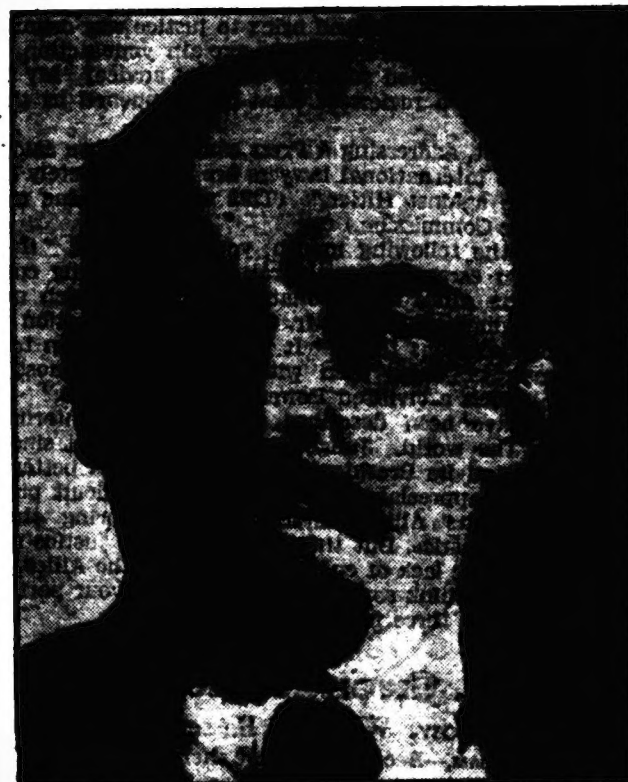
Whether Josef Stalin has this same outstanding merit as a ruler we shall know some day. All we know so far is that he is quite unlike Lenin in almost every way, but has made a success in carrying on and consolidating the work Lenin began. He resembles Lenin in this—that he considers only the interests of his country. As he once put it, he sees no reason why the Russians should pull chestnuts out of the fire for anybody.

Like Lenin, he is a determined foe of bureaucracy, which was the curse of Tsarist Russia and is far from having been got rid of yet. There was no officialism about his predecessor, there is none about him. He is too kindly to delight in exercising power in small ways.

A newspaper man I know got an interview with him. Stalin said he must read it before the interviewer left. "Come into the next room," he said. "There's a typewriter and you shan't be disturbed." And two or three times he looked in with a pleasant inquiry as to how the work was getting on. I've interviewed a lot of rulers; very few indeed were like that. Whether Stalin

HAMILTON FYFE

author and lecturer on world affairs, was formerly editor of the "Daily Mirror" and "Daily Herald." He sent the last war's most famous dispatch, which announced the Retreat from Mons and shocked all Britain. Later he was in charge of British propaganda among the German armies.



Lenin's eyes were sharp and shrewd. Our own leaders must be as clear-sighted on problems of the future

enjoys power in big ways is another of the things we don't know about him. That he will be the most powerful figure at the Peace Table—if there ever is a Peace Table in the formal sense—cannot be doubted.

Our Hope of Prosperity

We can see what to expect from the quiet but immovable attitude he took up about the rival Polish Governments. He was against the Old Gang who mostly compose the London Cabinet, and he will be against the Old Gangs everywhere. It was his backing that got recognition and help for Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia. He is openly against Franco in Spain.

He belongs, in fact, to the new world which came into being when the Russian, German and Austrian Empires crashed, whereas most of the politicians and almost all the diplomats in Britain and the United States have their faces turned towards the old world still.

Now this is a very dangerous path for us to tread. We must, all economic authorities agree, increase our export trade. There is one way, and so far as I can see one way only, to do that on a large scale. Russia will need enormous quantities of the engineering products we can supply.

If we get into that market, we shall be all right for some time. There is no other which can offer the same possibilities. India we have estranged. China will be poor for generations to come. Europe will try to produce what it requires for itself. To keep on the best of terms with Russia is essential, not only for the peace of the world, but for our own well-being.

American manufacturers are eager to supply the products of their heavy industries to the Russians. They will do all they can to get and hold this opportunity. They do not like the Russian system, but they would compel their Government to back Stalin in the interest of their trade. Then we should fall out with the U.S. as well as the U.S.S.R.

Unless we quickly alter our stupid trick of despising and opposing the New Gangs because they are not gentlemen, we shall be left in an isolation more disastrous even than war.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir Cecil J. B. Hurst,

Rusper Nunnery, Horsham, Sussex

DEAR SIR CECIL,—Your resignation as chairman of the United Nations War Crimes Commission creates an uneasy feeling that all is not well with that body of eminent jurists appointed to list and bring to justice war criminals.

Health reasons are given to explain your action. But has it been prompted solely by medical advice? My doubts are aroused by a review of what has happened in the last few months.

In August, addressing a Press conference, you said: "At the moment international lawyers are not completely briefed in the case against Hitler." (This was after nine months' work by the Commission.)

Then, the following month, you stated that "If Hitler managed to escape to a neutral country nothing could be done by the Allies in the matter"—a view which aroused wide misgiving and led to Mr. Churchill's declaration in the House of Commons that: "It is not our intention to allow the escape of these men without exerting almost every resource which a civilised Power can contemplate."

You have been described as the ablest international lawyer in the world. Judge of the Hague Court since 1929 and appointed its President in 1934, no one is better fitted than you to appreciate the intricate and difficult problems created by the Allied determination to bring the war criminals to justice. But there are fears that justice may be thwarted by the lack of co-operation among the Allies.

Don't you think some plain speaking on your part would help to remove these fears?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Gwendoline Webb,

The Bungalow, Wootton Bassett, Nr. Swindon

DEAR MADAM,—Because you gave shelter to a W.A.A.F. who was going to have a baby you were sentenced to two months' hard labour for harbouring a deserter. The Wiltshire Appeals Committee, in its wisdom and understanding, quashed the sentence and bound you over.

I applaud the committee's decision. There is enough harshness and intolerance in the world without sentencing to prison people who break the law in the name of humanity.

Your offence was committed in all decency and charity. You gave a helping hand to a woman who wanted a friend in time of trouble. That some magistrates thought fit to interpret the letter and not the spirit of the law need not disturb you. Nor need your conscience be troubled. "The rarity of Christian charity" is not so rare to you.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. Huxtable,

Congregational Church, Palmers Green, N.13

DEAR SIR,—At last you've put us, as a nation, in our place. "Bone idleness is our national besetting sin," you say.

Ah, well, perhaps you know more about us than I do.

Human Machine GIFTS FOR SUCCESS

IN THE OLD fairy stories it used to be the height of bliss for a fairy suddenly to appear and offer some lucky mortal three wishes.

Ah! those fairy stories! And yet—could anything like the granting of wishes really do anything to make our lives happy? It is very, very doubtful.

For we don't any of us need money, brilliance, wisdom, or any of the things we should be tempted to ask for.

What we all want is to be let alone to live our own little lives in our own little way. What we need is nothing more than the simple power of sticking to a thing until we have accomplished it.

What we lack is just that little extra bit of push, that little bit more of determination, concentration, and single-minded endeavour that, where it does exist, can perform more real miracles than any fairy ever thought of.

We don't need fairies to give us any of these things. We can get them for ourselves just as soon as we make up our minds to have them.

What is wrong with most people is that they have the wrong outlook on things. They see someone who has been successful, and they somehow get the idea that success is easy. Not at all. It is failure that is easy. Success is always hard. It always takes all we've got.

The gifts that will ensure it are already in our possession. All we have to do is to be sensible enough to use them.



Why has Sir Cecil Hurst resigned? Does he fear that the war criminals will be allowed to escape?

Undoubtedly that woman who works as a bus conductress by day and looks after her home at night is a myth.

So is the man who toils in a shipyard and then puts in hours on his allotment. So, undoubtedly, are the millions of men and women whose record in the past five years puts Britain ahead of all the nations in production per head.

Hitler knows to his cost just how lazy we idle British are. He knows it in terms of aeroplanes, warships, tanks, guns and shells. How delighted he would be if he could agree with you!

Personally, I think that idle talk such as yours is the worst and most intolerable of all forms of idleness.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General Doolittle,

Officer Commanding, 8th U.S.A.A.F.

DEAR GENERAL,—No one knows better than you the value of petrol (sorry, "gas"). It took you over Tokio on that first memorable raid on the Japs' capital and bore you safely back to your base.

That's why I am surprised at the lax way some of your airfields in Britain handle petrol. A driver at a Bedfordshire police court, where he was charged with stealing "gas," said there was no check on the quantity delivered and that "it would be no trouble for a man to take a load of 2,000 gallons to an aerodrome, get a receipt for that amount from the Americans, and then drive away with it."

I've no doubt you have already ordered an inquiry into this allegation. And, knowing you, I am certain you will deal swiftly and efficiently with any slackness that comes to light. Petrol, like careless talk, costs lives.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Horder,

Chairman, Empire Rheumatism Council

DEAR LORD HORDER,—Revelation that rheumatism has taken the place of T.B. as public scourge number one draws attention once more to the widespread misery and agony caused by this disease and its kindred ailments.

Bad housing is one contributory reason. The medical profession cannot be blamed for that. But can the profession of which you are an illustrious member declare in truth and in sincerity that everything possible is being done, from a medical point of view, to ease the intolerable burden which bears so heavily on more than a million adult sufferers in England and Wales alone?

For four years you and your Council have fought to establish a national plan to combat this plague. You realise that the situation is a scandal; appreciate that it costs industry £25,000,000 a year; and that only properly equipped centres can adequately deal with it.

The rich and well-to-do can still "take the waters" at fashionable spas and command specialised medical care. The poor, apparently, can "grin and bear it."

Fight on for your plan until an enlightened State adopts it. It is a fight worthy of your steel.—JOHN BULL.

THUGS OF THE "BROWN MAQUIS"

THREE ARMED MEN to-day raid the offices of the director of the Lyons Post Office, escaping with a bag containing 2,000 francs (about £10,000)."

This paragraph, published in French Press just recently, is one score indicating a dangerous crime. Do not let yourself be deceived. French authorities know what it is about.

They know why armed men attack prisons in many French towns; why convoys are ambushed, arms stolen, official buildings dynamited. A man-hunt is proceeding, quietly but efficiently, all over France—and Belgium and Holland, too.

The men who are being hunted, big gang of ruthless criminals, murderers and saboteurs, are none other than those men whom Hitler left behind in the countries which his Wehrmacht was forced to abandon.

They are a new scourge of suffering Europe. They are the "Brown Maquis" the new Nazi underground movement.

100,000 Agents

There are, even to-day, estimated at least 100,000 Nazis in Western Europe. They are specially trained agents, but by no code of behaviour. Violence, reckless political and purely criminal activities, are their sole purpose.

In the liberated areas the police the occupying forces never leave men of the "Brown Maquis" out of account. They are responsible for much of the unrest and confusion which prevails.

Through them Hitler intends to perpetuate chaos in his lost domain, hopes to soften up the people and troops so that his organised armed forces can penetrate once more a more undermined society.

In these last few months they have committed many crimes. Resistance men have been ambushed in the streets. A nephew of General Koenig was robbed and assaulted. Blackmail and other crimes are prominent in their armoury.

Their Gestapo Chief

They live hidden in sewers and underground tunnels. Their guides are members of the Fascist Darnand Movement who are still at large. They still rely on support from secret Fascists who retained much of their money.

The organisation has been built up by a cunning Nazi, S.S. General Ober, who was once in charge of the German Security Service, and headed the Gestapo headquarters in the Avenue Foch, Paris.

These men have gambled—and lost—with their lives on an attempt to return of the Wehrmacht to the Western territories from which it was driven by the Allies. In fact, this campaign of terror and crime was part of the German strategy which inspired the Runderberg counter-offensive. Rundstedt hoped to link up eventually with these members of the Nazi "Sixth Column."

But gradually the "Brown Maquis" are being suppressed. France's police brains are working against them. One by one they are deprived of their leaders. If little is heard of their activities, the reason is that this useful information.

They have chosen to live and fight in the dark. In the dark they will be defeated and Western Europe will be cleansed from another Nazi pest.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

THE HUMAN QUESTION-MARK OF POLITICS

Though a great lawyer and a scientist he is an avowed revolutionary. His future is the most interesting personal problem in political affairs. One thing is certain: he will play a great part in the post-war world

by A. G. GARDNER

IF WE WERE ASKED to "place" the runners in the Parliamentary field, there would be no doubt about No. 1. Whether we like Eclipse or not, he "is first and the rest nowhere."

But who is No. 2? Or No. 3? Who are the coming men who throw their shadows over the future? I do not recall a Parliament in which the choice was so restricted.

Among the men of established position the most conspicuous, perhaps, are Mr. Eden and Mr. Morrison; but they are conspicuous by comparison rather than intrinsically. They have not the signature of greatness upon them.

Nor among the "colts" is the promise high. Mr. Aneurin Bevan suggests the prize ring rather than the racecourse. Mr. Shinwell's running is too much "in and out." Mr. Quentin Hogg is quick on the trigger, but his seat in the saddle is uncertain.

In this general poverty of the Parliamentary world—a disquieting fact that deserves attention—there is one figure that should not be overlooked.

Out of Sight, but—

Since he was displaced by Mr. Morrison in the War Cabinet and became Minister of Aircraft Production, Sir Stafford Cripps has disappeared from the public eye.

But this does not mean that he has become negligible. While he remains in public life, he can never be that. For in gifts and character alike he stands out from the general stature of the House.

And if he has left the centre of the stage for the relative obscurity of a department, we may be sure that his motives are high and disinterested, and are untouched by any personal consideration.

He is no place-hunter or self-seeker. I do not think that ambition or the passion for personal power is his driving motive.

He has a public conscience. What he means, he means vehemently, and without any alloy of private concern.

You may dislike his views or question his judgment, but you can never discount his sincerity and single-mindedness. He follows the gleam wherever it leads, regardless of consequences.

It was this vehemence that led to his expulsion from the Labour Party in 1937.

When he was elected for East Bristol in 1931, he was easily the most brilliant recruit that Party had ever received.

The son of C. A. Cripps, the eminent ecclesiastical lawyer, and on the maternal side a member of the famous Potter family who, through the Webbs, the Hobhouses, the Courtneys, the Holts and the Booths, have played so great a part in shaping the political and social currents of our time, he had all the gifts and graces that marked him out for eminence in any career he chose to pursue.

When He Crashed

Brought up in an atmosphere of wealth and culture, and educated at Winchester and Oxford, he had served with the Red Cross in France in 1914 and as Assistant Superintendent at the Explosives Factory at Queen's Ferry in later stages of the war.

His early bent had been towards science. As a boy he had spent his holidays building under-



SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS
As seen by George Whitelaw

ground homes, bridging the pond and, later, constructing a glider aeroplane. It crashed, but the inventor was not disconcerted.

This grounding in science served him in good stead when, after the First World War, he began to practise at the Bar. His rise then was sensational. Within ten years he was at the top of his profession.

He inherited from his father the mastery of the intricate law of rating and taxation. His scientific leanings enabled him in patent cases to meet and overcome the experts on their own ground.

None of his achievements on this scientific-legal terrain was more remarkable than that in the case of the Gresford miners, in which he acted without fee.

But dazzling though his career at the Bar was, it was not the career he sought. His father, who had held office in Conservative Governments, was the first eminent Tory to pass over to Labour, and, as Lord Parmoor, was Lord President of the Council in the first Labour Government in 1924.

The son followed in his steps. Perhaps being a Potter as well as a Cripps, it was he who started the family landslide to Labour.

Bit Between His Teeth

No sooner was he in the House than he was in office as Solicitor-General in the second Labour Government, and in one brief season he showed he was as potent in Parliament as in the courts.

The experience was brief and there followed the MacDonald coalition, throughout which Cripps remained in Opposition, the deputy leadership of which he assumed in 1935.

Then, restive with the tendencies of Labour, he took the bit between his teeth. He resigned the deputy-leadership of the Party, formed the Socialist League and let himself go in a crusade of Sunday speeches in the country that were designed to lash the Labour Party into semi-revolutionary action.

He was done with Fabian "gradualism." Done with "slowly improving Capitalism." He

wanted an uncompromising Socialist programme, and away with the delays of Parliament.

Parliament was to be by-passed with Orders in Council, and Socialism was to be established forthwith by a *tour de force*.

This was strong meat for those who believe in representative government, hate the "new despotism" of bureaucracy, and regard Parliament as the Ark of the Covenant.

It was strong meat even for Labour, and when in January, 1939, Sir Stafford issued a manifesto calling for a Popular Front on the French pattern his membership of the Labour Party was formally cancelled. Thenceforward he was left to plough a lonely furrow.

A few months later came the war, and the more judicial side of this remarkable man came into action.

His Mission to Russia

He still let himself go occasionally, as in his remark: "It is no good trying to milk the decrepit old cow of Capitalism as a remedy for present troubles."

But he rose to the great argument of the war, put first things first, and placed his great gifts at the service of the Government and of his country.

His mission to Russia in 1940, when that great country was still nominally in the orbit of Germany, was a priceless service, and when he left he had the satisfaction of leaving a mighty ally behind him.

He returned to join the Cabinet and to be Lord Privy Seal and the Leader of the House.

His subsequent mission to India had a less happy issue, not from any failure on his part, but because of the bitterness of the antagonisms he sought to compose.

His leadership of the House was less successful than the customary urbanity of his manner led us to expect, and when he scolded it unwisely for slackness in attendance he discovered that the House does not love the schoolmaster.

Whether his subsequent deposition from the War Cabinet in favour of Mr. Morrison was due, as suggested in some quarters, to disagreement with Mr. Churchill we do not know. If so he has shown that he is above the pettiness of personal resentment.

But I prefer the explanation that at this phase of the war it is in strengthening the air arm that his scientific gifts can be most usefully employed.

Back in the Fold

His future is the most interesting personal problem in our politics. He has been reconciled to the Labour Party, and the Socialist League, which was held to be subversive of party discipline, has long since been dissolved.

The experiences of the war have doubtless taught him much, as they have taught all of us.

For a politician he is still on the sunny side of life (55). He has the moral earnestness of a deeply religious man.

His gifts are equalled by few and excelled by none, and they are all dedicated to what he conceives to be the highest public ends. He will play a great part in the post-war world.

But he must not lay his hands on the Ark of the Covenant. Parliament is the Keystone of all our liberties, and there must be no tampering with its sovereignty.

This concludes A.G.G.'s present series of political Portraits. Next week he will resume his weekly reviews of world affairs.

WILLIAM J. GAGE, "John Bull's" Special Commissioner, is one of Fleet Street's leading authorities on crime. In his own sphere he has had more to do with Black Market investigation than any other journalist. He has come into contact with principals of the racket, has frequented their haunts, and—quite often for observation purposes—their offices. For the first time in any newspaper he reveals here their haunts and activities.

FOUR MONTHS AGO, when I last dealt with the alarming growth of Black Markets in Britain, I said that the scandal was spreading so much that operations in big provincial cities were growing as vast as in London.

I am sorry to say, now, that though the police know the names of the principal offenders they have been so far unable to obtain anything like sufficient evidence to round up any of the "Big Men."

When I use the word "police" I do not stop at the Yard's super-chiefs, or the many provincial detectives who have been grappling with this menace for years. I include the increasing hordes of Ministry officials—Enforcement Officers, they call them—whose job it is to work independently on the task of bringing to book the real "Kings of the Black Market"—the men who are pocketing tremendous sums of money and laughing—laughing openly—at the authorities.

Although the Press, generally, has now joined in condemning the manner in which the big Black Market racketeers contrive to remain immune, JOHN BULL carried on a lone campaign for months to try to get some adequate action taken.

It is my privilege frequently to exchange information with Scotland Yard detectives, and also to confer with prominent Enforcement Officers of both the Ministry of Food and the Board of Trade.

Without exception the "King's" regard arrest as pretty well impossible. Altogether, there are about 5,000 people of all types engaged in big Black Market operations, but mostly they are only "smaller fry"—the actual thieves, or "operatives" who do the routine work.

There are about fifty prominent racketeers at their head and, of these, fifteen or twenty at the most could be justifiably described as top liners.

The most successful, and wealthy, of these can be counted on two hands. Let me tell you something, exclusively, about the *real chiefs*.

"Mr. Dynamite"

First and foremost is a suave, smartly dressed; well-groomed man in his late forties. He is thin and little more than five feet in height. But what he lacks in size he makes up for in energy and brains.

"Mr. Dynamite" his close colleagues call him. This man controls a number of limited liability companies from magnificently furnished offices off Piccadilly, London. He maintains a suite of rooms at a fashionable West End hotel—one of about six that are noted as being the chief haunts of Black Market speculators—and several offices in leading provincial centres.

As far as outward signs go, these provincial offices have no connection with anything but small and local business interests. They have been actually rented in the names of "Mr. Dynamite's" nominees, the chief of whom works almost entirely in Leeds.

Leeds, as I said in my last article four months ago, shares dishonour with Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Bradford and Huddersfield as the blackest spots in Black Market roguery.

On paper, the companies supposedly run by "Mr. Dynamite" are the last word in fair trading integrity. In reality, they are only "blinds" for his more sinister and profitable activities.

From about a dozen well-guarded warehouses and depots in Kent, Surrey and Essex, and on the outskirts of London, he deals in vast consignments of whisky, wines, cloths, canned foodstuffs, cigarettes, tobacco, razor blades—and even raw meat delivered in carcasses of hundreds at a time.

This is how "Mr. Dynamite" works:

He has nine chief lieutenants, many of them jail-birds and very smart. So securely does he



keep himself in the background that even they can only see him by pre-arranged device and subterfuge.

Unless he has made a secret appointment with them, at either his West End headquarters or in one or another of the swagger drinking haunts he uses, they can only get into his office with a specially prepared and marked card. And there are only a few of the cards in existence.

One of the nine lieutenants is a crook who has a "hold" on him over a cheque and has been blackmailing him for years.

The remainder are men who have been "in business" with him for a long time, more recently when he was busy with sharepushing on a big scale and, previously, when he was "in the textile trade."

Textile trade! His name stinks in that, and is written on the records of all the chief trade protection organisations in one alias or another.

They Won't "Squeal"

Now, his nine lieutenants are given generous expenses to maintain secrecy and to deal judiciously with receivers of stolen property. There is great honour among thieves, and the receivers "Mr. Dynamite" and his agents deal with are men who, even in the event of a calamitous emergency, would not "squeal."

"Mr. Dynamite" has, in the last two years, paid the wives of several of his agents handsome sums of money because they fell by the wayside and refused to say anything at all to the police when suddenly arrested and punished.

Thus it is that the lieutenants buy from the receivers in the gang, who in liaison obtain their goods from lorry and van thieves. These thefts are causing police chiefs and railway managers many headaches nowadays.

When I tell you that out of 217 railway, lorry

and store thefts in the last few months, in which foodstuffs and goods of all kinds worth nearly £340,000 have been stolen, only five important arrests have been made, you'll realise how really gigantic and menacing this Black Market business is.

When the goods required by "Mr. Dynamite" have been obtained from the thieves, through the receivers and the nine lieutenants, they go for "storage" to one of the warehouses or depots. They are never kept there long, and are often cleared overnight.

Petrol shortage provides no difficulties, and "Mr. Dynamite" has openly boasted to friends and confidants that, so lax is the control in some Allied Service depots here and there, that he can get ample supplies.

Many of his main clients are hotel proprietors, others the owners of restaurants and shops. Quite a number, incredible though it may seem, are reputable tradesmen who receive the stolen goods from wholesalers without knowing their real source of supply!

One of the nine lieutenants, incidentally, is a man with several wholesale depots he owned before the war. The lure of the big money "Mr. Dynamite" so lavishly offers has prompted him to take the risk of allowing them to be used as "clearing houses."

Furniture has played a considerable part in this particular Black Marketeer's programme lately.

He started life in humble surroundings.

Then he formed his first limited company, which soon went into liquidation with liabilities of over a quarter of a million pounds; it enriched him and his cronies handsomely.

He has run, from different addresses, many similar ventures since then—successful for himself, disastrous for others.

King Among Crooks

Now he stands aloof, a king among crooks, indifferent, cautious, clever, scheming, over-zealous in paying the men upon whose secrecy he relies.

That's the stuff of which these arrogant Black Market Chiefs are made.

Now let me introduce you to "Top Liner" Number Two.

After many months of intense inquiry, investigators acting under the direction of Sir Charles Tegart, former Middle East Police Chief, and now the head of the Detective Branch of the Food Ministry, brought down a gang of expert black marketeers who had operated widely in stolen foodstuffs over a long period.

Their hauls netted tremendous sums of money, the exact amount of which will never be known.

It was because a scrap of conversation was overheard in an hotel that this gang was broken up.

Officers who were keeping observation picked up a vital clue through an indiscreet voice and, as a result, Flying Squad men trailed a motor-van all day.

In this way they obtained the addresses of secret depots and places where Black Market goods were being stored and, following months of

MARKET

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

LONDONERS, used to the constant passing through their streets of celebrities of all kinds, cannot appreciate the fuss made when they visit the provinces.

If the King goes to a West End theatre, a couple of "coppers" merely ensure that a way is made for his car to get quickly to the entrance, and one detective watches, to keep off over-loyal intruders, or a semi-lunatic with a grievance.

So when, a few years back, he went to Aintree, I was astonished to see traffic diverted from a route lined by policemen and to note how excitedly officialdom waved its arms and barked orders!

In similarly opposite ways does the town and country deal with the visits of Members of the Cabinet.

Morrison Didn't Know

If the Home Secretary is kept late in the Home Office, he uses a bedroom in a quiet hotel off the Strand. If he walks around, he attracts only a casual glance.

Yet, unknown to Morrison, his recent arrival in a provincial city caused such a to-do that the Chief Constable wanted to clear the thoroughfare; actually, he waited outside the private house in which Authority had slept, glad to get away from all bother, waiting to salute his boss.

More, the Home Secretary's arrival created such fears that, just before three detectives carefully inspected the entire street—surely they were not afraid of a Communist uprising!—with the result that one local big-wig thought the police were after him.

"I've been exceeding my petrol ration," he confessed to a friend. "Who's been giving me away?"

"Don't be silly," was the reply. "It's only the Home Secretary who's coming."

Lord Gort Makes Good

WHATEVER PLACE the history-books may give to Viscount Gort, now a field-marshal, among the military commanders of this war—he got our "beaten" armies out of Dunkirk and then defended Malta—he will probably rank as the best High Commissioner yet, sent to Palestine.

His predecessor remained aloof from the population.

Gort, on the other hand, is endearing himself to all sections of the community.

Despite the much-exaggerated fears of "Jewish terrorism," he mingles with the crowds, both in the streets and shops, chats freely with employees when making a purchase, and asks questions everywhere.

Palestine will see more trouble. Demands for that increased Jewish immigration which would be a simple act of justice to a tortured race—these are backed by Washington—clash with new-born ideas of an Arab federation. Only such a desire to learn the truth as Gort is displaying can allay it.

But Whitehall also must listen.

C-B's Only Survivors

LOYD GEORGE NOW JOINS, in the Lords and in the person of the Marquess of Crewe, the only other survivor of those followers of Campbell-Bannerman who wiped out the big Liberal defeat in the Khaki Election of 1902. In 1905, they kicked out the Tories, gave

the Boers self-government and so saved South Africa for the Empire. Crewe, now eighty-six, became Lord President of the Council; L. G., four years his junior, went to the Board of Trade and there drew up plans for nationalising the railways—plans that Churchill tore up when, L. G. having gone to the Exchequer, he took on the job.

L.G.'s Challenge

WHEN L. G., THE RADICAL, took his history-making Budget to the Cabinet he found Crewe among the Whigs who at first included Asquith, opposed it. In a few hours, however, he beat them all and, in the end, brought about a position in which George V, against all his wishes, had to concede to Asquith an end to the Upper Chamber's power of veto.

It was only a few weeks ago that Crewe resigned from the Liberal leadership in the Lords. So he just missed the chance of leading his old leader!

Homes Still Childless

IT SEEMS I misunderstood Jennie Adamson, M.P., who is the Government's foster-mother to the war orphans.

Because of what I wrote, several of my readers who desired to adopt girls wrote to her—and were surprised when they were turned down. So I asked her to explain.

"We have just under 3,000 war orphans," she replied. "Relatives have the first preference, provided always they are fit to have the care of a child. To a large extent, relatives have exercised this preference."

"For years we have been inundated with letters from childless couples, and mothers whose families are grown up and in the Services, or who have lost their sons. All badly want in their homes a child on whom they can lavish care and love."

"We do not at present permit adoption."

No, Not Humpty Dumpty

"DADDY, I DO LIKE that man. Is he Humpty-Dumpty?"

This surprising remark fell from the lips of a child not yet five, who had been taken to have tea in Aneurin Bevan's home by his father, Captain Raymond Blackburn, a lawyer-officer now Labour candidate for King's Norton.

"No, dear," answered his father. "He is not Humpty-Dumpty. He is a Member of Parliament. He hasn't had a great fall, but a great rise. He is now a Labour executive!"

"Besides, if he did have a great fall, none of the King's horses and none of the King's men would want to put him together again."

Tank Problem Still

WHEN SHALL WE be told the Truth about the Tanks? Why was it that it was not until his return from Moscow, months after Russia was attacked, that Beaverbrook demanded 30,000 in a year and an all-round speed-up?

Had Stalin told him something Whitehall didn't know?

Then I notice that there is still a very discreet official silence about the Tiger, the German tank which out-fought the Americans in Belgium.

We invented the Tank in the last war—yes, it was Churchill who got



As seen by McMichael

the credit!—and yet, nearly thirty years after, our experts are blamed for lack of enterprise.

Is Dick Stokes Right?

DICK STOKES, the Labour Member for Ipswich, has incurred the Premier's displeasure several times by his criticisms of our Tank policy. Then, he angered all the armaments-makers before the war, by offering to make munitions for the nation free of profit to himself.

His critics will be surprised to learn that a leading supporter of the Government approached him in the Lobby a few weeks ago and, with commendable honesty, showed him a letter from his officer son at the front.

The soldier had asked his father to thank Stokes for his efforts to improve the Tank situation!

Dick Acland Deserted

COMMON WEALTH, THEN, seems doomed. Not long ago, it looked as earnest, when it met, as a Methodist convention.

Soon after Labour refused its members entry into its ranks except as individuals, R. W. G. Mackay, a lawyer who gave it financial backing, retired from the chairmanship, saying: "We should join the Labour Party. We have done our job."

Sir Richard Acland, the founder who, seeing at the Malvern conference a blinding flash that made his Christianity a renunciation of his landed estates and an espousal of a social mission, leads a declining number of apostles.

Common Wealth is a faith that all the older ones call a heresy.

What Will Now Happen?

Yes, but what is to become of all the political idealism new-born in the fighting ranks and in the younger men and women, many of them made of magnificent stuff, belonging to the middle classes?

Will it automatically sign on Transport House's dotted line? Or, disappointed and disheartened, will it peter out and become cynical of all "politicians" and their ways?

Discretion or Valour?

HAD HERBERT MORRISON, that forceful foe of Communism, fought South Hackney again, it would have been a bear-garden. For William Rust, editor of the "Daily Worker," challenged him to split the vote.

What rows there would have been!

Now Morrison has suddenly withdrawn, and as a hero! For he will fight a Tory seat at East Lewisham.

Communists accuse him of running away.

"We must gain seats from our opponents if we want a majority," replies Morrison.

NEXT WEEK:

WHERE MILLIONS ARE HIDDEN

The Seven Crises of Hercules Smith

The SMASHING DREAM HOUSE



THE CRASH which jolted Hercules Smith out of an uneasy sleep left him with the fleeting impression that a giant boot had come down with a jarring impact on the roof of the air-raid shelter—an impression rapidly overlaid by the realisation that the flying bomb had fallen very near.

"Where was that?" he mumbled, scrambling out of his bunk before he realised that nobody in there would know the answer.

Hercules switched on the light. He glanced at his wrist-watch, saw that it was half-past four, and looked over to where Joan's white face questioned him from her bed against the opposite wall. Bill and Sheila were leaning over the edges of the two upper bunks.

"That sounds like the house gone west!" Bill observed cheerfully.

"Oh! don't say that!" his mother whispered.

"Quiet!" Hercules interrupted them. "All the lot of you." He had pulled on a pair of trousers over his pyjamas, and was sitting on the edge of his bunk, lacing up his shoes. "And stay where you are until I've had a look."

He shrugged himself into an overcoat, crammed an old gardening hat on the back of his head, and opened the shelter door.

The air outside was fouled with black smoke and the fumes of the explosion, and as he climbed the steps and came up to ground level he saw flames flickering beyond the hedge which cut off the back garden from the lane.

"Damn!" he muttered, thinking of the row of trim villas which had been built there just before the war.

The sky was lightening towards the east, and he turned to see what he could of his own home.

The windows were mostly black voids framed in jagged outlines of shining glass, and the roof seemed to have lost nearly all its tiles.

THE DREAM HOUSE. . . That was how he and Joan still thought of it in their inmost minds, for to them it had been the Dream House ever since they had first discovered it so many years ago. Hercules felt his mouth twist to a bitter smile, and his whole mind was momentarily crowded by the thought that perhaps, like many others in these days, he no longer had a home.

He sighed, remembering in those few moments much of the happiness the house had witnessed since they moved into it—how long ago? Hm, it was July now, July, 1944, so they had moved in—why, yes, almost exactly fifteen years ago, in July, 1929.

John, killed nearly a year ago fighting in Italy, hadn't been much more than a toddler when they'd first seen and fallen in love with the Dream House; Bill had been in his pram; and Sheila—Sheila had been born in the house a little under a year after they moved in. And now. . .

The curtain of dismay which had fallen between Hercules and his surroundings lifted a little to reveal a vision of another house of dreams—a house standing among trees in the valley of

The rest was discouraging. Every room was damaged in some way or another

Hercules Smith and his wife looked on their home as a dreamhouse. A flying bomb shattered the dream but forged a new bond between all members of the family

by
**HARRY
HEARSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

the River Torridge, by Bideford. It was a warm, welcoming refuge: the sort of house that wraps you about with a sense of peace and permanence.

Joan's mother lived there, with a housekeeper, and many times in the past few years she had begged Hercules to bring the family down there for the duration.

Hercules was dragged from his vision of peace by urgent noises hammering at his brain—the ringing of an ambulance bell; the sound of an engine in low gear and the soft bumping of tyres as some vehicle ground its way laboriously among debris.

Walking quickly back to the shelter, Hercules clattered down the steps.

HIS FAMILY, he saw, had managed to get more or less dressed. Even his wife, though still trembling, was out of her bunk, and he sat down beside her for a moment and put a steadying arm around her shoulders. "All right, dear, now?" he asked.

Joan nodded. "I'm all right, Hercules," she said quietly.

"Beastly things!" Hercules grunted. "I don't know, dear. I think it came down by those houses at the back. I'm just going to see if I can help."

"I'll come with you," Joan said. "Perhaps we could shelter people, if—Oh! The house! Is—is it—?"

Hercules squeezed her shoulder. "It's knocked about a goodish bit, I'm afraid," he sighed.

Hercules had seen plenty of bomb damage in the last few years. But he had never yet seen just what happened in the smashing of little homes. The mess in the lane behind the garden was indescribable. The air itself was still heavy with dust, and the dawn breeze just springing up blew little clouds of it from the piles of rubble which had changed the quiet scene into the likeness of a junk-yard.

He noticed a few tattered pages of a telephone directory pinned down to soft earth by a splintered sliver of green-painted wood—part of some household cabinet; and just beyond it a handkerchief and a squashed tube of toothpaste; and on the opposite side, sticking up from a pile of broken wood, the keyboard of a piano, its black and white notes gleaming pathetically in the half-light of coming dawn.

Then they came around the bend of the lane, and Hercules stopped so suddenly that the children bumped into him from behind.

"My God!" he breathed in a shocked whisper. "Look!"

Where a group of four houses had stood, fringed by their carefully tended gardens, all that remained were the end

walls of the two outer buildings, with fragments of partition walls and floors still adhering to them.

For a moment the tragic scene became dim as Hercules' mind by some subconscious process of self-defence seized once again on a picture of the old, creeper-covered house beside the Torridge, lying snug and solid among its surrounding trees.

He saw the sun piercing the trees to lay dappled shadows on a sunken lawn where Joan's mother lay gratefully back in a garden chair, with tea-things pleasantly arranged on an old beech table at her side.

The vision was dissolved by Joan's troubled voice.

"Dreadful!" she murmured. "Oh! the poor things. What a shame!"

A man in uniform was coming towards them, and they recognised the Chief Warden, an old acquaintance.

"Terrible business," Hercules greeted him. "What a mess! Is anybody—?"

The warden pushed back his hat with a grimy hand. "It's a damned miracle," he said. "Nobody killed, and only one man taken to hospital with shock. Most of them were sleeping in shelters."

"Can we help at all?"

The warden smiled gratefully. "If you could look after one or two people whose houses have gone, just until we can get things clear and find some accommodation?"

"Of course," said Hercules. "Fetch them over."

By the time Hercules reached home with a small group of men and women, Joan had already made tea and had it waiting for them. He noted with gratitude that at any rate the kitchen seemed more or less intact, except for broken glass.

The rest was discouraging. Every room was damaged in some way or another, and in most of them a mixed layer of broken glass and plaster lay over the carpets and tables and chairs. Here and there, wicked-looking splinters of glass stuck out from walls and furniture like miniature daggers.

IT WAS IN ONE of the bedrooms, in which the ceiling had collapsed, covering everything with a dismal grey coating of plaster, that a cold feeling began to steal over Hercules again.

But was it altogether a feeling of fear? Was there not bound up with it something of a sense of possible deliverance—the opportunity to get away from it all to the tree-girt house at Bideford, into whose atmosphere of tranquillity they could sink as a stone sinks into the placid waters of a woodland pond?

And why shouldn't they? Hercules asked himself. But the question brought with it, like a cold douche, the thought of the shop. Somehow, he told himself dimly, that must be kept going.

Hercules looked around him with disgust at the plaster-strewn furniture of the bedroom. It conjured up in his mind a picture of a cheerless boarding-house—the sort of place, he thought with real dismay, which would be his home if he started being conscientious about the shop and his duty. For if he stayed in London he would have to send Joan and the children to Bideford.

"Damn the shop!" he muttered. "I've had enough!" But even as he

to concentrate on his vision of peace, he found his thoughts edering helplessly in a net of conce, and was possessed by a sense of intolerably enmeshed in this ble war, which would have to be through to its bitter end.

esently Hercules stilled his mental derings, squared his shoulders, med an expression of determined ness, and started downstairs.

was not until the guests had been ned away to newly found accom- ation that Hercules summoned up age to voice his fear.

How are you feeling now, sweet- t?" Hercules asked his wife.

"I'm fine," said Joan. "Got over the k, now."

eracles smiled awkwardly at her. "I've thinking," he said. "Don't you k it might be—er—better, really, if and the children went down for a to your mother? At any rate," he t on hurriedly, warned by a glint in wife's eye, "until these beastly things e been beaten and it's safe. I hate hink of you here worrying while I'm y at the shop, and not getting your p even when I'm here at night."

ESIDES," Hercules lied with sudden nspiration, "it's an awful responsi- y for me. It would be a load off my iders if I knew you were safe and t, and I could come down and see at least once a month, you know,

is voice petered out like an expiring nophone record as he once again ght his wife's eye.

You're a dear, Hercules," she said. t you're an old silly, too." She ped across the kitchen and kissed the spot on his head. "I never heard a nonsense in my life. Of course I t go away. My place is here, with

After all, we don't get many of e beastly things around here, do

We'd have to be unlucky to get ther just here. And anyway we're going to let those devils drive us out our home so long as it's standing. at do you think John would have if he'd thought we would run y?"

eracles gulped. "Well, sweetheart, you think like that, of course, I'll—

You'll just have to keep on carrying load on your shoulders," his wife shed the sentence for him with a ft, penetrating smile.

Eh?" said Hercules. "Oh—ah—

The vision of the sun-warmed se beside the Torridge slowly faded, t to his surprise its going heralded a feeling of firm determination and a ming flood of relief all over him, in body as well as his mind.

By the way," he said, perking up. here's Bill?"

Out at the back somewhere, I think," n said, and she picked up a pall and e brushes to follow Sheila upstairs.

Hercules wandered out to where he d hear faint noises of knocking an pping, and found his son perched o a ladder, with hammer and chisel, carel y cleaning out the remaining nters of glass from a window-frame.

Hello, Dad," the boy called. "I'm t cleaning these out so's we can cover em up with something to keep out the aught until we can get some new ss."

Splendid!" said Hercules loudly. plendid! Er—I had thought you and eila and your mother might go away Bideford for a time, but your other doesn't think much of the idea."

"I should jolly well think not!" said l indignantly. "What? Run away m a measly doodlebug?"

Hercules experienced a queer mixture shame and pride.

"Well," he said, "that's that, then."

A moment later he poked his head out between the shattered doors.

"Where the devil is the other hammer d chisel, Bill?" he called.

These books make news

Ending the Coal Muddle

A remarkable book by a woman gives vital plans for our mines

WE HAVE SOLVED many industrial problems in this war which we once thought insoluble, but the coal industry seems to sink deeper into the morass every year.

It is no use burking the issue. The coal situation has to be dealt with now. For coal, rich in a thousand by-products, is not only vital to winning the war. It is vital to winning the peace.

The very urgency of the problem has rather overwhelmed one of its major facts. Fifty years from now, the substance which to-day is the life-blood of Britain's industry may all be used up.

Certainly within the next thirty to fifty years the coal seams now being worked will be exhausted. The remaining seams will probably last for another twenty years.

Meanwhile, America's coal seams are good for many centuries yet, and Germany's will last another 180 years.

This is not only a long-term worry. It has an immediate application.

As we exhaust the easily worked seams in this country, the cost of production gradually increases because we have to mine deeper, face greater dangers, and deal with poorer coal.

Answers To The Problem

There are many answers to the problem. By utilising the water power of Britain we could save 2,500,000 tons of coal a year.

Then there is the startling technique developed in Russia which gets 90 per cent. of the total coal in a seam, instead of the present 60 per cent. And it does this without the aid of a single miner. The technique is known as "underground gasification," and consists of getting the power out of the coal by burning it in the actual seam.

One such station in the Russian Dombas is expected to save the work of 500 miners. What a magical solution to our man-power and coal-production troubles to-day! Yet nobody seems to be doing anything to introduce it here.

In her book, *Britain's Coal*, just published by Gollancz, at 7s. 6d., Margot Heinemann goes into underground gasification in detail. This book is one of the most thorough surveys of the coal industry ever written.

I suggest that you read it before making any downright statements about miners and owners, because you are in for some shocks. It is full of surprising facts. It is written simply and vigorously



The British miner "can expect to be injured fairly seriously once every five years of his working life."

and a great deal of the story is allowed to speak for itself.

There are sinister suggestions that the recent report prepared by American specialists on British coal has been suppressed. Miss Heinemann's book offers an excellent substitute. It shows how "much of the existing machinery used in our mines is in a sorry state. A great deal of it is antiquated, and except in the newest collieries the tendency has been to make do and mend. . . . Years of patching have produced contraptions that recall Heath Robinson."

Lieut.-Col. Lancaster, director of Bestwood Coal and Iron Co., one of the most modern Nottinghamshire concerns, has pointed out that only 1,000,000 tons increase resulted from "concentration and mechanisation," between the time the Ministry of Fuel came into being and October, 1943. Yet it is negligible by comparison with the possibilities of developed mechanisation.

Miners' Injuries

It has been estimated that at least 10 per cent. of our mines are suitable for mechanisation, and these alone would give an increased production of 20,000,000 tons a year—without adding one extra miner.

That is one side of the picture. The other comes close to the ordinary miner, the man who, on an average, "can expect to be injured fairly seriously once every five years of his working life."

The penalties of the Coal Mines Act as they are applied to-day make it possible for a considerable number of mines to ignore the regulations if they choose. The maximum fine for a company is £20, but even that may be, in practice, reduced to a smaller sum.

The average fine imposed by the Bench, including costs, does not exceed £8. Yet time and again men's lives are lost because the regulations are not carried out.

Two Men Killed

Margot Heinemann quotes one astounding case of this kind. Two men were killed by an explosion caused by an electric pump in an area where gas was present. An inquiry followed and showed that "the electrical machinery was wrongly constructed, ventilation inadequate, and the district inadequately inspected for gas." It was also revealed that the men had asked the manager to have the pump moved on safety grounds.

The penalty for two men's lives? The company paid a £10 fine and the agents £23!

The law in Britain says that men must be withdrawn from workings when 2½ per cent. gas is shown. France and Russia withdraw their men at 2 per cent. Why is there this difference when the ordinary layman in Britain imagines that our industry is run on the safest lines in the world?

There are many other points where laws and penalties need drastic adjustment. Margot Heinemann gives a detailed analysis.

She also argues that nationalisation, when it comes about, need not create a new and more deadening bureaucracy. On the contrary, it could have all the drive which the present organisation lacks.

Meanwhile, she has an interim plan. It involves a guaranteed wage of at least £1 a day, a seven-hour shift, better health and safety measures, rehousing and training schemes. These, she proposes, are the first vital steps if the coal mining industry of Britain is to come alive again.

VINCENT BROME.

WITH MY
FEET UP
by IAN FOX

ADMIRAL SAALWAECHTER has announced on the German radio that Germany will spring a naval surprise on the Allies in 1945. With the aid of Irma del Monico, the well-known international spy, I am able to make some startling revelations.

First, Admiral Horthy, ex-Prime Minister of Hungary, will be restored to his old command of the Hungarian Navy. Then strong pressure will be brought to bear on Switzerland to



TELEPHONE LESS

"Your thrirree minutes are up. You will now be cut off"

abandon her neutrality and send the Swiss battleship "Yodeler" across Lake Maggiore to land a party that will annihilate our armies in Italy. After that, thousands of underwater jeeps will surround France and cut off the British and American Forces there.

Light on the Subject

ON BEING TOLD of these German plans, Commander Campbell is reported to have said: "Well, I remember when I was in M'ping-M'pong an old witch doctor showed me some roots which, if you bolled them with a lizard's toe-nails when the moon was full, would cause your enemy to be eaten by ants, or so he said."

Speak Up, There

MY PARLIAMENTARY STOOGES, "Wool-sack," says that the Member for Wormwood is to ask a question in the House. This will come as a surprise to many Members, who thought he had been dead for years.

He will ask: "In view of the fact that dog-fish is on sale to the public, will the House consider increasing the national revenue by requiring fish-mongers to take out dog licences?"

Quite Clear Now

EXTRACT FROM A Government form intended to help dealers in poultry meal:

"For any given figure in Column (1) above (representing the number of units entered at (A) in Column (2) of Part 2(B) of Form F.S.R.14) Columns (2), (3), (4) and (5) above give the corresponding figures to be inserted at B, C, D and E in Columns (5), (7), (9) and (11) of Part 2(B) of the form."

No wonder we live on dried eggs.

Free Speech

Court-Martialled for Refusing to Waste Petrol

This page is for your opinions. Say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

I HAVE BEEN COURT-MARTIALLED after being under close arrest for three weeks and three days. I got fourteen days' detention because I refused to obey an order to wash my lorry and chassis with petrol. I said I wouldn't do it as men were giving their lives to bring petrol. I got a bit hot-headed, I know, but fancy a ridiculous thing like this use of petrol on active service.—Driver, Royal Corps of Signals, British Liberation Army.

THE SPECTACLE of a company of Guards headed by a raucous band and a blustering sergeant parading like a circus through the town to church may provide a thrill for a few school-children, but to me it strikes an incongruous note. These soldiers have spent the week learning how to whip a man's eyes out with a piece of wire. On Sunday they are detailed to proceed to church, not as individuals, but as a body of men, just because it's the rules.—Trooper, Aldershot.

Names and addresses of the writers of both the above letters have been supplied.—Editor.

Mothers at School

MOTHERHOOD IS REPUTED to be the greatest career a woman can choose. Yet it is the only responsible job we are allowed to undertake without adequate training.

The nearest approach to training of any kind for this highly skilled work is being given in clinics. Yet many clinics throughout the country are held in unsuitable chapel buildings, huts, or any place consisting of four walls and a roof—often a leaky roof.

Insufficient staff, too-large attendances due to infrequent sessions, little or no privacy for discussing intimate problems—and eager young mothers all hungry for knowledge that would enable them to do their important job properly. Such is the average clinic!

The urgent need for better and more efficiently run clinics is well worthy of priority in our post-war world.—Mary Morgan, 1, Vere Place, Gilfach-Bargoed, Glamorgan.

"Reward for Service"

PRACTICALLY EVERY WEEK I read of servants being left sums of £50 to £100 out of wills running into many thousands. The items are printed under such headings as "Reward for Service." What a misleading idea.

Many of these old servants, after devoting their whole lives to their employers, get £50 and the sack. I employ a jobbing gardener, and at the end of the day I give him a bigger tip, in proportion to my salary, than these old servants receive for a lifetime's devotion.—G. St. Leger Henson, 57, Carholme Road, Lincoln.

Path for Youth

I SUGGEST A Coast Path right round Britain as our national war memorial. The sea enabled us to save our Army at Dunkirk. Our Merchant Navy on the sea kept us from starvation. The liberation of Europe has started from a sea-borne invasion. The sea is our heritage, so what more appropriate than a Coast Path which would throw open to every Briton access to his birthright?

The youngsters of the Civilian Conservation Corps were given the task of building the trails in the national parks of the United States. They made a fine job of it. I'm sure our own youth movements would find it a grand holiday task

if one day they were allowed to start work on a Coast Path. — Leslie Wood, Cookham Rise, Maidenhead, Berks.

How about it, Scientists?

COULD NOT AEROPLANES be fitted with a special type of parachute so arranged that, in the event of engine trouble, the machine could be brought gradually to the ground without crashing?—F. Rior-dan, Navigation Inn, Buxworth, Cheshire.

Blameless Wife Accused

I AM VERY UNHAPPY, and wonder if mine is an isolated case. The trouble is the letters I receive from my husband serving overseas. According to him, the women at home are all unfaithful. He accuses me of giving my affection to someone else, and if I mention seeing any friends he immediately writes back demanding to know who they are.

I have tried to make him understand how much I care for him, but evidently he will not accept my word. I can see my marriage being smashed if this sort of thing continues. If any of your readers have had the same trouble I should be more than grateful to hear their advice. I enclose my address, but not for publication. — Unhappy Wife, Lancs.

Pie Crusty

MEAT PIES usually cost me 1s. 6d. The shopkeeper had only a 3s. pie, so I said I'd take half. He cut it neatly into two, put one piece on the scale, and said, "One-and-eightpence, please." I said I'd take the other piece for 1s. 4d. The shopkeeper weighed it and told me, "That'll be one-and-eightpence as well." Fourpence for cutting a pie. Nice work! —G. H., Surrey.

Hidden Guns

C. A. BULL, Caterham, need not be surprised at finding guns and ammunition under the floorboards of his de-requisitioned house. My son tells me it is the usual thing for soldiers to hide ammunition in houses and hotels used as billets.

When an order comes saying that an



"We'd better change places
—you're taller than I am"

inspection of equipment is due, the men quickly get rid of anything they are not supposed to have, as it is an offence to be found with any excess of Army equipment. As Mr. Bull says, there should be a routine search of all premises vacated by troops.—Mrs. M. B., Derby.

Clicking Needles

SINCE 1939 I have knitted 1,831 oz. of wool into garments for the Forces. All the knitting has been done in the spare time I have after running my business. This year I am going to try to beat my 1944 figure—464 oz. knitted. — Harry Chapman, Globe Street, Littleport, Cambs.

The Tattooed Ladies

MY SON, a tattooist, says women clients were formerly few, but now he embellishes female shoulders, backs, legs and knees with butterflies, Service badges and other emblems. The war certainly brings out strange streaks in the female make-up.—Mrs. A. Crabb, 41, Merchant Street, Broadmead, Bristol.

"Odd Lag"

WE ARE TOLD to lag our water pipes. My Scottish grandfather had his own way of doing the job. He melted an equal quantity of paraffin wax and vaseline, wiped the house pipes perfectly dry, then applied a thick coating of the mixture while it was still hot. No matter how cold the weather, the frost was never known to penetrate this coat of grease.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

A.G.G. and Churchill

WHEN WILL THIS sycophantic adulation of Tory and pro-Tory leaders by A.G.G. come to an end? Those of us who remember A.G.G.'s rapier thrusts of scathing criticism in 1919-1922 against the same Winston Churchill, whom he now uncritically worships, can hardly recognise him for the same man. It is sad to see a once great intellect prostituted in such puerile "tripe." — E. A. Richards, 120, Gladstone Street, Bedford.

Adulation? No—critical appreciation. And of the six British politicians so far discussed by A.G.G., three are certainly not Tories—Bevin, Morrison, and Beveridge. He deals with Sir Stafford Cripps on page 7 of this issue.—Enroa.

Timely Hint

WHEN MY alarm clock suddenly stopped last week I gave it a dose of castor oil. It had a rejuvenating effect on its inside, and it's been going nicely ever since.—Mr. W. P. Reader, 78, Wathen Road, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

Malaria—or Garlic?

ONE OF YOUR readers said in a letter that he had caught malaria and was disappointed with the general lack of medical knowledge of tropical diseases in this country. From the time I got back from Egypt in 1919 I had had attacks of malaria periodically. In 1942 I had the worst attack of all.

A doctor I had not consulted before told me to get some oil of garlic. I took the capsules regularly for several months and have had hardly a touch of malaria ever since. But you must persevere. It's no good just taking it for a short time.—Charles Thornley, Greystone, Ilfracombe, Devon.



General Montgomery is informal in dress and methods, but, says a soldier who served under him, "No finer leader ever lived." A different view, from a London woman, arrived by the same post and is also printed below

OTHERS BESIDES MYSELF are getting a bit tired of Field-Marshal Montgomery's showmanship, egoism and sporting metaphors. Mothers with sons in the B.L.A. are not amused to hear about the Germans "being knocked for six." It isn't always the Germans who get the knocking. Moreover, I think the Field-Marshal showed bad taste last week in the patronising way he spoke of American fighting qualities. General Eisenhower has set the example for leadership. He seldom speaks for publication, and when he does it's with modesty and common-sense. — Mrs. L. H., Palmers Green, N.13.

I FOUGHT UNDER Monty up to El Alamein. Now discharged and able to take an impersonal view of the war, I heaved a sigh of relief when I heard that Monty had taken on the German salient on the Western Front. No finer leader ever lived. He takes the men who are fighting for him into his confidence, and his knowledge of every single detail of the battle is staggering. He knows just what he can get out of his troops, and he never lets them down.—Wm. E. Ball, Stalybridge.

Seeing "Reds"

GRADUALLY BECOMING weary of hearing people proclaim that we need a system of Government similar to Russia's, and that they intend to vote Communist at the next General Election, I made a careful study of this particular species of anti-Democrat.

Result: I find that 80 per cent. of the type are (a) always the last to stand their whack in a round of drinks, evidently hoping the party will split up before it's their turn to pay; (b) that they're generally short of cash and have little intention and no idea of getting any more; and (c) that in the event of any unpleasant job having to be done, they've always made themselves scarce.—Roy Elliott, 1, Whitby Avenue, Ingrave, near Brentwood, Essex.

More Forgotten Men?

OUR MEN TRICKLE HOME from the Middle East, from France and Holland. What about a bit of leave for the men of Gibraltar?—G. L., Huddersfield.

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Good Health Going Giddy

EVEN SLIGHT GIDDINESS is worrying, because it gives a feeling of insecurity. Severe giddiness is almost torture, the whole world seeming to spin round.

Our sense of balance is controlled by the cerebellum, part of the brain, which gets its information from three sources: our eyes, the feeling in our skin and muscles, and a sort of spirit-level in our ears. Two of these are enough to keep us steady, but one alone is not enough, so if, in the dark, you step from a firm road on to soft grass, you are apt to sway till you get used to the new feel of the ground.

People with locomotor ataxia lose sensation in their feet and cannot balance themselves with their eyes shut. People with ear trouble, or even wax in the ears, get giddy if their eyesight is poor.

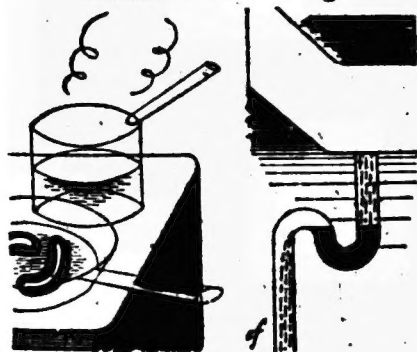
Some giddy people always fall in a certain direction, and this, together with the type where objects appear to move, suggests trouble in one of the balancing organs in the ear.

Poisons in the system—alcohol, tobacco, food poisoning, etc.—affect the cerebellum itself and cause giddiness. The cerebellum is also affected by any disease of the brain, or by bad circulation due to anaemia, heart or kidney disease.

Giddiness may be due to eye troubles—particularly to a slight squint causing double vision. Or, of course, it may be due to injury, such as a blow on the head. The most common cause of severe giddiness is some form of ear trouble. Then deafness and noises in the head are also present.

DR. GREVILLE PARK.

Your New Life Glass Plumbing



RECENT DEVELOPMENTS in the glass industry make possible two dreams of architects and housewives—glass plumbing and glass flame-proof kitchen utensils.

The first is a method of welding which enables glass pipe-joints to be electrically sealed on the job. This produces a transparent plumbing system of endless glass pipes. It solves the frosty weather snags of bursting lead pipes and copper pipes pulling their joints.

And, of course, any part of the new plumbing system can be inspected inside by eye alone.

The second development is a composition that comes within 4 per cent. of being the perfect thermal glass. This means that glass frying-pans and saucepans can be used direct on flames.

This ultra-toughened glass can be heated to redness and then plunged into cold water without cracking.

H. H.



Wing-Commander
J. N. Davenport,
author of this article



Coastal Command seeks its own targets. Here it has found a U-boat and straddled it with bombs, shortening its active life, if not "killing" it



Wing-Commander
Kenneth Gatward of
the "Buffalo" Squadron

THESE ARE THE SHIP-BUSTERS

Wing-Commander J. N. DAVENPORT, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, gives here the first full-scale picture of one of the most silent of our Services. It is the force that discovered Hitler's attempt to invade us, and later made our own invasion possible

IN THIS WAR and in the last, the fighter pilot has been the airman to hit the heavy-type headlines and capture the public imagination.

But in this war more than the last, we have also met the Bomber aces—men like the V.C.s Gibson and Cheshire. We have heard of the photographic reconnaissance ace, Wing-Commander Warburton, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar. And occasionally there emerges through the secrecy which blankets the anti-submarine war such exploits as that of Cruikshank, the V.C. with seventy-two wounds.

So now it seems fair to tell you something of the stars of another phase of R.A.F. activity—the crack "Ship Busters" of Coastal Command.

You read about their actions often enough: how a group of German merchant vessels plying up the coast are battered and bruised by Coastal aircraft, two vessels sunk, two left burning, three damaged—that sort of thing. By day or night these anti-shipping "strikes" go on.

Coastal Command, I think I am right in saying, is the only Command which seeks its own targets, whether they be U-boats or surface craft.

Spotting the Armada

The Ship Busters' battle became a big-scale full-dress affair with the invasion—the invasion with which Hitler promised to subdue these islands. The Coastal reconnaissance aircraft were the eyes which found and reported the barge armada assembled in the ports of the occupied countries, the squadrons of aircraft marshalled on new airfields near the Channel and the North Sea, right along the coast from France to Norway, and the mighty Wehrmacht massing for the grand assault.

Ever since that critical time in 1940, right up to the present day, the "Ship Busters" of Coastal Command have made it unsafe for enemy vessels to venture in the Channel or the North Sea.

It was costly at first, but they learned as they paid. In five months one single squadron sank 105,000 tons of shipping. If figures like that don't mean much to you, reckon that the mere cargo loss—apart from the vessels themselves—would have filled 200 freight trains.

When Bomber Command launched their big campaign against the German railway system they acted as beaters for Coastal's guns. Every time they bombed Hamm (and how often did they bomb Hamm!) they forced Jerry to try to get his supplies to the occupied lands by merchantmen sneaking along the coasts.

In the summer of 1941 Coastal Command was given a specific task—to deny the use of the English Channel to enemy

shipping. In the short space of three months they achieved their aim. That does not mean that no German vessel ever afterwards made the coastwise trip, but that the regular coastal service of supply ships was stopped.

And the fight went on until D-Day gave them another task of vital importance. Their job in the invasion of Europe was to guard the outer flanks of Eisenhower's armada, to smash up any attempts by the enemy surface craft to interfere with the landings, especially the destroyers concentrated in the western French ports, and the torpedo-boats, E-boats and R-boats disposed between IJmuiden and Cherbourg. How completely Coastal succeeded has been acknowledged by Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt in a joint statement.

Sinking Hitler's Supplies

Hitler was and still is trying, almost desperately, to use the North Sea as a main supply line from Norway and the Elbe to the Low Countries and France. For the five months, June to October inclusive, over 70,000 tons of shipping were sunk. Claims for five more sinkings and fifty-four enemy vessels damaged await final assessment.

Tactics have been ever-changing. The enemy, finding these attacks costly, developed new schemes and sent larger convoys heavily escorted. An example is a convoy attacked off the Frisian Islands consisting of two merchant vessels escorted by seventeen minesweepers, armed trawlers, and gun-boats.

These defences called for larger formations of our attackers. A wave of anti-flak aircraft armed with cannon and rockets go out above and just ahead of the torpedo aircraft, diving down on the escorts, causing terrific destruction to ships' guns and their crews. Their aim is to silence the flak, enabling the torpedo crews to sweep in at low level.

These tactics worked so well that the Hun was afraid to move his ships, except in bad weather or on pitch-black nights. But still he takes a hiding. Right into

Wing-Commander J. N. Davenport, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, is one of three Australian brothers in Coastal Command. Aged twenty-four, he was a bank clerk in Sydney before the war. He became famous as commander of the R.A.F. "Kangaroo" squadron, has destroyed a substantial tonnage of Nazi shipping, and last week was awarded the George Medal for rescuing a trapped pilot from a blazing aeroplane—his second feat of the kind.

his heavily defended harbours go the Ship Busters, and, despite both ship and shore flak, destruction and pandemonium are left on his doorstep. This is happening along the Dutch coast, along the Norwegian coast and its innumerable fjords, and the score of shipping hit is steadily rising.

Mainly the attacks are made by the Beau-of-all-work. The Beaufighter started life as the most heavily armed fighter in the R.A.F., and now it carries rockets, torpedoes, cannon and machine-guns—everything necessary to destroy Nazi surface vessels whatever their size.

R.A.F., R.C.A.F., R.A.A.F. and R.N.Z.A.F. squadrons are all in the battle and all have produced their aces. Let me introduce you to a few of them:

To start the list there's "Paddy" Burns—Wing-Commander Eric Richard Burns, D.F.C., an Irishman, born in India, educated there and in England, who has his home in Wales. Paddy has been in the R.A.F. for fourteen of his thirty-two years. He has fine tactical ability, has fired more torpedoes at enemy ships than almost any other pilot, and is credited with at least fifteen vessels.

Squadron-Leader H. Hammond, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, of New Zealand, has participated in many attacks and has skillfully led a number of outstanding "strikes."

Machine-gunned the Gestapo

Another outstanding leader is Wing-Commander Kenneth Gatward, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, of Southgate, London, who did great work as commander of the R.C.A.F. Ship Busting "Buffalo" squadron. He will also live in historical records as the man who dropped the Tricolour on the Arc de Triomphe and machine-gunned the Gestapo Paris headquarters in June, 1942.

A New Zealander, Wing-Commander E. H. McHardy, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, has specialised with great success in combating the E-boat menace in the Channel during the invasion. His home is at Blackhead Sheep Farm, Waipawa, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, and, after taking a short service commission in the R.A.F. before the war, he fought with Fighter Command through the Battle of Britain.

Squadron-Leader A. L. Wiggins, D.S.O., D.F.C., of Woodville, South Australia, was an auctioneer before the war. He won his D.S.O. in actions against enemy road convoys in the Middle East, and his D.F.C. for his destructive work against North Sea convoys.

These are some of the fellows who are leading the present-day attack on the enemy's shipping. For everyone mentioned another ace "Ship Buster" has gone to his death in pressing home his attack against the tremendous flak.

All honour to those men, too!

"SOME long time ago you wrote sympathetically about people who are hard of hearing. You said that the worst of it was a sense of loneliness and a feeling of being 'out of it.' I did not pay much attention then as my hearing was good, but lately my power of hearing has been growing less. I am forty-five. Am I too old to learn lip-reading? Are there any clubs where people who are partially deaf can get together socially?"

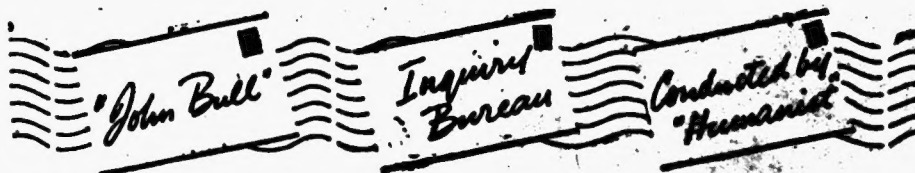
It is never too late to learn lip-reading. You could join a class or have private lessons. There are books on the subject from which you might pick up the elements for yourself.

Most of the big towns have classes and clubs. Details can be obtained from the National Institute for the Deaf, 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

It is calculated that the number of people in England and Wales who suffer from defective hearing is 6½ millions—about 16 per cent. of the population. If the more fortunate took the trouble to speak clearly instead of shouting, the hard of hearing would have less cause to complain.

"I AM nineteen years old and engaged to a French airman with whom I am very much in love. He is in love with me and wants us to be married in June. I am a university student, and it has always been my ambition to earn my own living and to repay my parents for the sacrifices they made to give me a good education.

"My fiancé refuses to agree to this. I am to settle down to be a good housewife and have children. It is useless arguing with him. He believes that every true woman should regard this as her sole interest in life, and that I should be glad to do this to please him. Apart



Wife Wants to Leave Him

Problem of a war time infatuation. Marriage will spoil girl student's career. Educated wife makes husband feel inferior

from giving up my profession, we shall have to live in furnished rooms, and I feel that there will be difficulties in rearing a family in such circumstances. The problem worries me night and day."

You are up against the old dilemma of motherhood versus a career. People like Lady Astor and Dame Sybil Thorndike have managed the dual rôle, but if your future husband insists that the wife must do only housewifely and maternal duties that solution is out of the question.

I think you should wait a few years before marrying. You do owe something to your parents—and to yourself—as well as to your fiancé. He seems to be very possessive and wants to dominate you. This is no real partnership, is it? And reading between the lines of your letter I realise that the prospect alarms you. Why rush into marriage?

"MY WIFE IS BETTER educated than I am, and speaks better than I do. When I make mistakes in pronunciation she corrects me.

"I would not mind that, but she does it with such an air of superiority that I feel a mere worm. The worst of it is that she corrects

me in front of other people—not only for mistakes in words but in little matters of etiquette. There are times when I feel like throwing something at her."

Since your wife is better informed, you should not object to having mistakes corrected. And if you remember the corrections so that you don't make the same mistakes again, these little incidents will arise less and less often.

Your wife claims to know more of the rules of etiquette, but apparently she does not know that to correct you in the presence of others is a lamentable display of bad manners on her part. You could point this out to her and also tell her that the essence of good manners is thoughtfulness for the feelings of other people. If she realises this she will not hurt your feelings by her assumed superiority.

Holidays Scheme

D. J. Llanelly: I have been told by the Building and Civil Engineering Holidays Scheme Management, Ltd., that your card was received without a covering note, and was therefore filed in the "No claims" section as so many cheques have been returned with the envelopes marked "Gone away." It has now gone forward for immediate payment. All operatives who have not yet received payment of their holiday credits

under the above scheme are asked by the management to make immediate application.

H. H., Macclesfield: There is no special allowance of £156 for ex-Servicemen. The point is that wound and disability pensions are exempt from income tax, whereas all other pensions are taxable. Thus a married ex-Serviceman who is in receipt of a disability pension still gets the benefit of the full £140 personal allowance as a deduction from his earnings, and this, in combination with the earned income allowance of one-tenth, means that he can earn up to £3 a week in addition to his pension before becoming liable to tax. The exemption extends to any wound or disability pension, and is not restricted to pensions in respect of service in this war.

P. Y., Blackpool: Emergency Grants can be awarded to serving members of the Armed Forces to meet the emergency of sudden expense caused by the serious and prolonged illness or death of a member of the household for whom they are responsible. They are not applicable to cases of minor illness, normal dental treatment, uncomplicated confinement, or chronic illness. Applications should be made on Form W.S.G.106, which can be obtained from the Chief Regional Officer of the Ministry of Pensions nearest to the Serviceman's home. The address can be obtained from any post office in the locality.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

His Prize was £100—YOURS can be £250!

THREE months ago, Nurseryman and Fruit Grower F. Pope, Barkham Ride, Wokingham, decided to spare from his brief leisure a regular one hour weekly for *Bullets*. Not long afterwards, he entered for Competition No. 1,457, fearing many other competitors would think of it, his *Bullet*: Surprise For Britain—Curses From Democracy's "Cradle."

But only Mr. Pope thought of it and a £100 First Prize was his thrilling reward. This week, a few words on your coupon below can bring you the third bumper First of 1945, a cheque for £250!

HOW TO WIN

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £250 First Prize. What kind of "Bullet" is likely to win for you? There are hundreds of prize-winning styles, and you can see some of them in the adjoining list of this week's chief winners.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

VICTORY IN 1945 ON THE POST-WAR ROAD BRITONS ARE DEMOCRATS, SO FREE FIGHT COURAGE AND ENDURANCE HOME AGAIN STORMY SEAS ASKING QUESTIONS KEYS OF HEAVEN FORGETFUL MEMBER PEEP INTO THE FUTURE WITHOUT TEARS THINGS BEGAN MOVING AND UNDER CONTROL IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES SWEET MUSIC AT AUNTIE'S PARTY WITH A SHUDDER TERRIBLY COMPLICATED WHEN DAD TRIED PLUMBING

Six "Examples" given below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

IN WINSTON'S... NOTHING BUT...
ACROSS THE... SHOULD'N'T BE...
BY THEIR... LIKE OLD...

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,462, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£100 FIRST, "BULLETS" 1,458

Mrs. J. Thompson, Harley House, Brade Street, Broughton-in-Furness.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE PACKING UP! PICKING UP!

220: F. Oldroyd, 5, Regent St., S. Hendley, Barnsley.

In The Jungle—Man's Roar—Mankind "Roared"?

210: Mrs. H. Hill, 42, Lauderdale Ave., Cleveleys, Blackpool.

War Solutions—"Empty" Lot, The Glottis!

25: J. F. Elinder, 2, New Town St., Sturry Rd., Canterbury

What Britain's Done—Led Humanity—Germany, Mod.

24: W. Albot, 326, Camden Road, N.7.

23: M. Harte, 65, Redden Road, Frome, Somerset.

The Liberated People—Support Their Freedom, Apparently!

22: E. Caning, 27, Sandringham Road, Roker, Sunderland

21: Mrs. E. Spencer, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

20: E. H. Harte, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

19: T. E. Wyatt, 27, St. Mark's Street, Birmingham.

18: G. B. Sheppard, 4, Broomfield Rd., Norton Park, S.W.15.

17: E. H. Harte, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

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6: E. H. Harte, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

"Bullets" Pointers—No. 6

"The *Bulletin* is invaluable to the serious competitor," declares First Prize-winner F. Pope, Wokingham. There are over 15 exclusive features to help would-be winners in every issue, yet it costs you only 1d. See instructions on coupon for securing issue dated February 10.

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4: E. H. Harte, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

3: E. H. Harte, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

2: E. H. Harte, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

1: E. H. Harte, 21, Hylton, Elton Green, Rudgeley, Notts.

LAST DAY to POST
for Prizes below—
MONDAY, JANUARY 29.

£250 FIRST PRIZE

OTHERS: £20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s.,
20 of £1, 100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 NEW PRIZES

CUT HERE

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamp entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets."

IF FURNISHED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE BULLETS

For 6d. you may add further two Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 4 FREE

Signed

Address

P.O. Value

No. "BULLETS" No. 1,462.

For FEB. 10 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £250—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. Increased dangers of travelling on old-time roads—S[]AMPS. 2. These of churches are often identical—NA[]ES. 3. Obstinately fellow may be difficult to—OAX. 4. Folk badly blitzed sometimes hate others who are comfortable and—S[]UG. 5. You see bear served with this in most bars—NACK. 6. May appreciably determine future of Europe—PA[]T. 7. May easily cause rash fellow to burn his fingers—ET. 8. Is naturally contrasted with flat—T[]NDER. 9. It's often a shame that soldier fighting should worry about his—KI[]. 10. You may well be surprised if bullet doesn't possess couple of—UGS. 11. Caravan with such a camp, was usually more able to resist attack—LA[]GER. 12. Most folk are contemptuous of people who—RAWL. 13. A man is apt to grow nervous as time comes for his turn to—S[]OUT. 14. May suggest a fold—LEAT.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated February 10, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, January 29.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 414, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CHEQUES & CAKES

WON IN XWORD-410 WINNING WORDS:

1. FOLLY. 2. TUBE. 3. FORDS. 4. LAW. 5. LUNG. 6. TORN. 7. BENCHES. 8. ARMS. 9. BRINK. 10. TAN. 11. FAKS. 12. DULL. 13. TOOLS. 14. DANCE.

250 REWARDS: G. H. Allen, Birmingham; A. Thrall, Croydon; Mrs. M. E. White, Letch; H. Worthington, Andover. 250 runners-up Awards including Cakes.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Do people love to see you smile?



the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleaning Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

2/6 and 1/3. Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 and 2/3



SIZES 1 to 8.

ASK FOR THE FAMOUS

"Little Toddlers" BRAND



BATGER'S Silmos Lollies

ZONING We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy Silmos Lollies now. They will return again as one of the sweets of Peace.



Shadow on HEAL

Under war conditions, the number of cases of venereal disease in Britain has risen every year, and this increase is one of the few "black spots" on the nation's wartime health record. A very important cause of the spread of venereal diseases is ignorance. The object of these advertisements is to provide information of their prevalence; how they are contracted; and how they may be cured by early treatment.

What are the Venereal Diseases? There are a number of them, but the main ones are syphilis and gonorrhoea, two very different diseases caused by different germs.

What is Syphilis? Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely, it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child.

What is Gonorrhoea? Gonorrhoea, though not so dangerous as syphilis, is a serious disease and is one of the causes — not, of course, the only one — of chronic ill-health and inability to have children.

What are the signs of V.D.? The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days — usually three or four weeks — after infection. Gonorrhoea usually shows itself first between two and ten days after infection, as a discharge from the sex organs.

How are Venereal Diseases caught? In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who has already got the disease. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared.

How can they be avoided? These germs cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds or measles; but any man or woman, boy or girl, who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up syphilis or gonorrhoea. Clean living is the real safeguard.

How and where can V.D. be cured? Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice, and treatment if necessary are given FREE at any V.D. clinic: the addresses of local clinics and the times of opening may be found on local posters. Treatment is absolutely confidential. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

(VD 37-16)



Think in STEAD RAZOR BLADES



Take Lixen when you need a laxative. Its natural action derived from senna pods, dispenses with the use of harmful drugs or purgatives. Lixen is without unpleasant after-effects in children or adults. LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles, 2/3, 3/11 LIXEN LOZENGES, fruit flavoured in bottles, 1/8. Purchase Tax included.

Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURY LTD

LIXEN THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

1/55/6

ENJOYS HER FOOD

Wishes she'd heard years ago of MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"Some weeks back I was given some Moorland Indigestion Tablets. After taking them I got a supply from my local Chemist. I am pleased to tell you I can now enjoy my food, nothing disagrees with me. I wish I'd heard of them years ago." (Signed) Mrs. A. L. Louneston.

★ Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8/6d. and 1/5d. including tax.

STOP THAT COUGH WITH

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1/6 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

Healthy dogs make good companions



Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powder Tablets keep dogs fit

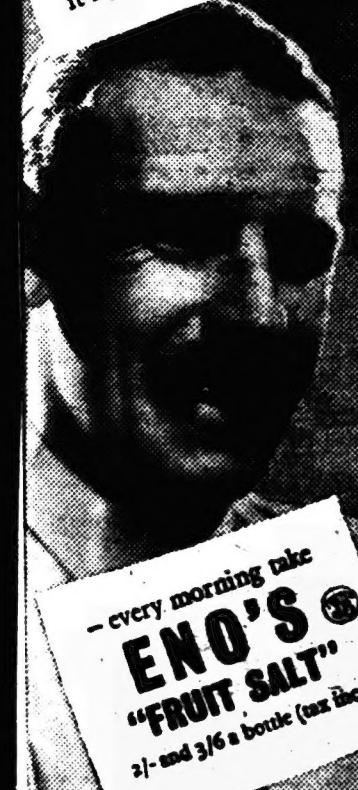
CAPENSIS EXTRA SOFT



Guaranteed 100% Pure

Max. Controlled Price 8/6d. per roll. We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

If mornings find you sluggish, hard to wake, there's a simpler remedy: it's just this —

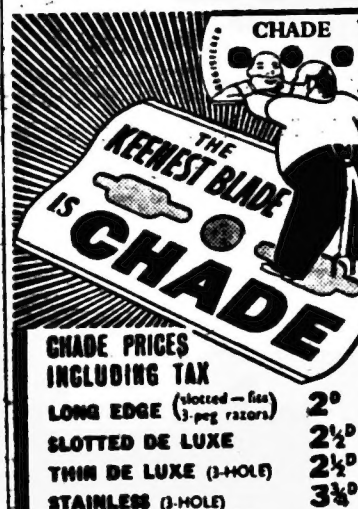


— every morning take ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" 2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

Check COLD CHILLS and FLU at the start!

Take Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/4. Single Dose 2d. inc. Purchase Tax



CHADE PRICES INCLUDING TAX LONG EDGE (3-pg razors) 2/0 SLOTTED DE LUXE 2 1/2 THIN DE LUXE (3-HOLE) 2 1/2 STAINLESS (3-HOLE) 3 1/2

It cleans efficiently ALL types of DENTURES

The use of denture powder and brush for cleaning artificial teeth has proved completely satisfactory in practice, and should become a regular habit, especially after meals, in the interests of hygiene.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER is as harmless to the new 'plastic' bases as it is to metal and vulcanite, yet it effectively removes all food debris and stains. From all chemists — 1/3.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

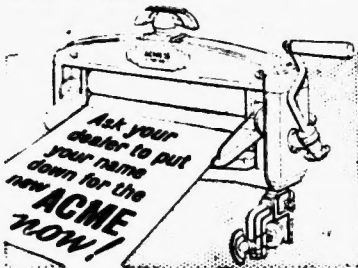
Also, where gum-irritation has affected the normal action of the KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER, it makes false teeth fit firmly — 1/3 & 3/4.

Of course we're looking forward to new pretty clothes—



But I do think, too, the war has taught us how to care for clothes and make them last. My bet's an Acme. No hard work for me, and no wash-day wear and tear for my clothes either. Mother's keeping all her curtains and blankets till our dealer tells us our Acme's come, because she knows from experience that only with an Acme will she get that perfect cleanliness and finish she desires. Blankets or my "pretties"—she says they're all one to an Acme!

Mother—and you—won't have much longer to wait now! Any time now your dealer will say, "Good news to-day—your Acme's here." For Acme is switching back to this vital production, and women who have seen—or do see now—about being first on the list will have their own wise selves to thank!



WINDOWS CLEAN
IN A JIFFY!

I POUR SOME
WINDOLENE ON TO A
SOFT CLOTH...

SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE
WINDOW—IT FORMS A
WHITE FILM...

LET IT DRY A MOMENT,
GIVE A QUICK POLISH—
AND THE GLASS SPARKLES

What—clean windows the old bucket-and-water way? Not us, say busy housewives everywhere. It's Windolene and no more hard rubbing for them. Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and dirt, gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's just as good for mirrors and picture glass, too. From all grocers and ironmongers, 1/2 a bottle.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

Wear
**HAWKINS
SHIRTS**



Collar Attached
SHIRTS

Navy shade only. Strong heavy drill—shrunk finish—Sizes 14 to 16½. 5 Coupons. **8/6** EACH
POST ORDERS—State clearly SIZE required, also enclose coupons and cash.

John Hawkins & Sons Ltd

Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers
40 retail branches in London, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham and other Midland towns, and in Lancashire.

MAIL ORDER SERVICE, Dept. J.B.2
Greenbank Mills, PRESTON - Lancs.

**HAWKINS—THE FIRM
WITH THE FACTORIES**



A caress that
started before they met

Their romance started before ever they met... two hours before... when Poudre Tokalon had put that final, glamorous touch to her personality. She knew that Poudre Tokalon would keep her looking fresh and lovely through all that romantic night. Mousse of Cream is the secret of a complexion that remains smooth and flawless for hours. Poudre Tokalon is the heart-disturbing powder that brings the bloom of youth to your complexion and makes you look as young as your heart. Change to Poudre Tokalon to gain his unchanging admiration.

Five modern shades to choose from—Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette, Rachel.

**Poudre
TOKALON**



Mabel took the good advice. She got some Dettol Ointment, and what a blessed relief for Bobby. In a few days the nasty skin trouble which had worried her for weeks was almost completely healed. The pain and irritation was gone and the skin that had been so sore and erupted was now clean and healthy and free from infection.

That is how Dettol Ointment works. It soothes the pain and relieves the inflammation of septic sores, and then sinks into the unhealthy skin tissue to destroy the germs which cause or aggravate the trouble.

Dettol Ointment contains in active form the germicidal principle of the famous Dettol Antiseptic.

DETTOL OINTMENT

From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4, including tax.

**Naafi
CLUBS ARE TRUMPS!**

In the new Naafi clubs, a variety of comforts and amusements awaits the Service man and woman—lounges, well-stocked libraries, quiet reading and writing-rooms, cheerful taverns, games-rooms, cafeterias, baths and showers and barber's shops, dances, cabarets, religious services, discussion groups, debates and lectures. Each club has a mending and darning service, and electric irons are available.

The cost of establishing these clubs is borne entirely by Naafi—yet another way in which Naafi provides amenities for the Forces.

NAAFI CLUBS are open at

MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Buildings
SOUTHAMPTON Havelock Road
LEEDS Albion Street

NORWICH Rampant Horse Street
NOTTINGHAM 5-9 Bridlesmithgate
DARLINGTON Park Street

Other clubs will shortly open at: Aberdeen, Doncaster, Plymouth, Lincoln, Carlisle, Chester and Sleaford.

Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey.

PROCEED TO JONES
THE GROCERS AND BREAK
UP THE CROWD—



There's been a delivery of
**FAMILY HEALTH
SOAP**

—for arresting germs in the home



It
may be
a very bad
HEADACHE

But Phensic is a very wonderful remedy. Most people relieve a headache with Phensic, and so would you if you knew how quickly, harmlessly and effectively Phensic relieves any kind of pain. It will certainly banish your very worst head pains! The tonic effect of Phensic is another story—and a very wonderful one too! Along with the pain all feelings of weakness and weariness vanish as well. Phensic swiftly calms troubled irritable nerves. Make the most of this splendid remedy! Two sizes only: 1/4 & 3/8 incl. Pur. Tax.

**TWO TABLETS
NORMAL DOSE**



Phensic

How far to the village, Miss?
Five miles—as my **HERCULES** flies



Hercules CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO.—LTD ASTON · BIRMINGHAM

WILL'S
CAPSTAN
CIGARETTES & TOBACCO



WILL'S & CO. WILLS BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. FOR GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND LTD.

C.C.T. 703